

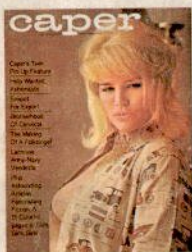

# capex

## Annual

**caper**

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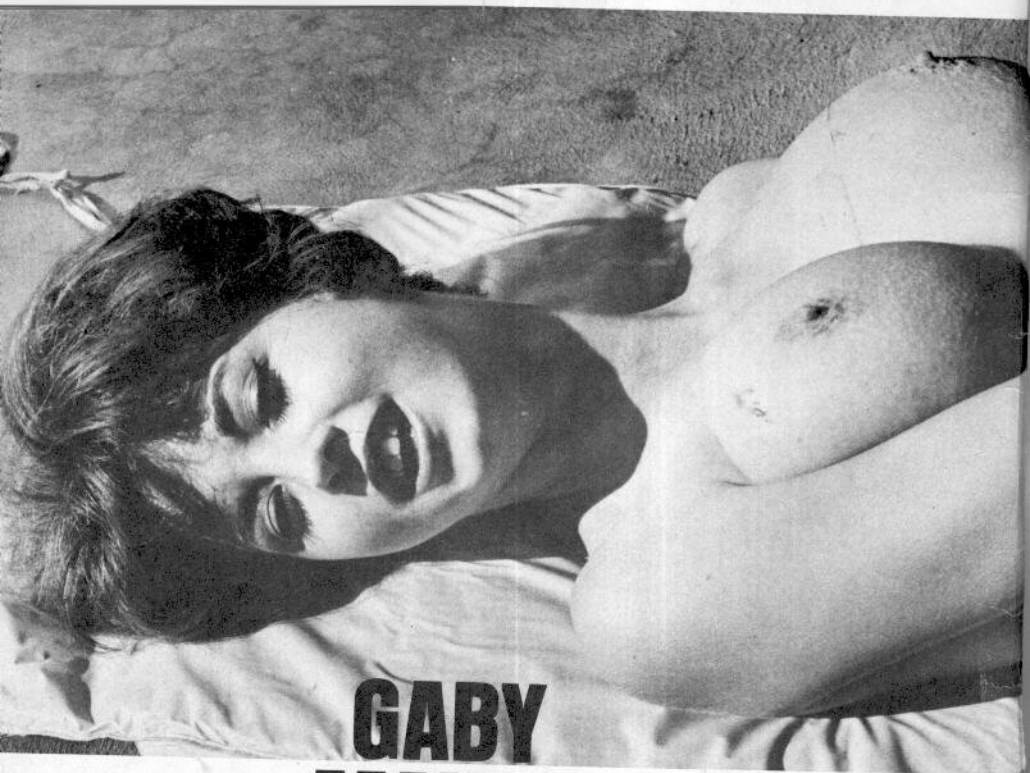
Handcuffing, Peeking, and seducing. Sexy women caught in love, lust, and desire. Enter date.



## EDITOR'S SELECTION

# Caper Annual

## Summer 1965



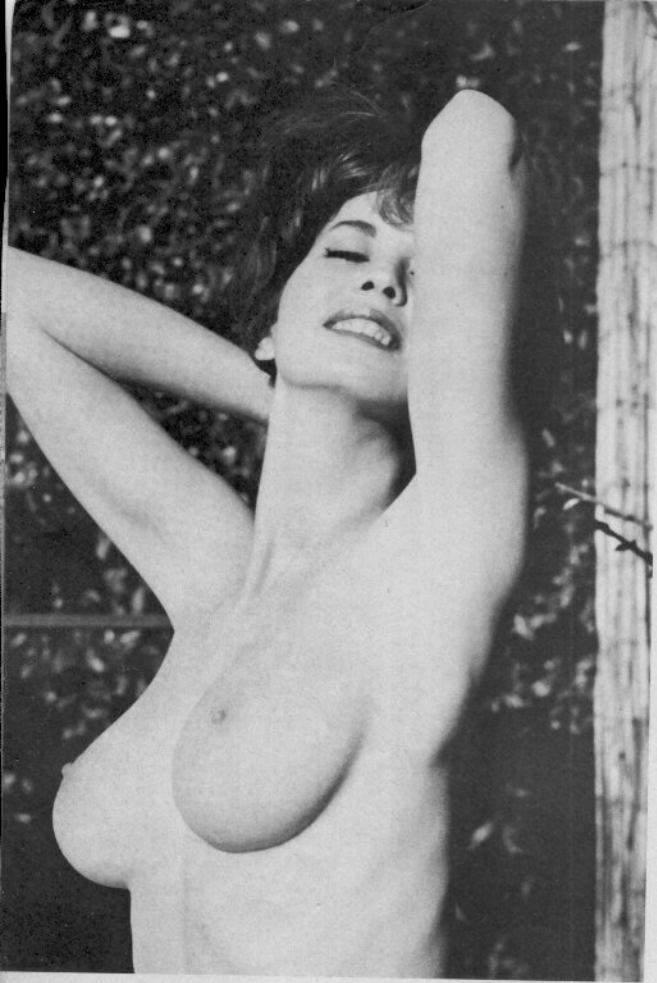
### **GABY MAKES A SPLASH**

CAPER ANNUAL, Summer, 1965 edition, is the 8th edition of the bi-monthly publication Caper. Published by Topical Magazines, Inc., Division Street, Derby, Conn. International copyright secured by Topical Magazines, Inc., 1965. Printed in the U.S.A.



California is said to have more swimming pools per square mile than any comparable area in the world. California's superb climate, and the affluence of its citizens have much to do with this pleasant fact, of course. But in compiling its statistics, the U. S. Department of Commerce failed to take into account one extremely important, and perhaps decisive, factor: the talents of Gaby Martine, the beautiful young model who was so charmingly photographed working at her part-time but related job.





Gaby is California's, and perhaps America's, only freelance swimming pool demonstrator, and her talents as a saleswoman are in great demand among the swimming pool manufacturers of her state. A call to Gaby's Los Angeles apartment will bring her to a manufacturer's pool-showroom ready to convince prospective customers that owning a pool has many advantages. Few are the men who can say "No sale" after Gaby has slipped into the pale blue water and begun displaying her aquatic skill.

PHOTOS/DON GOODWIN









A James Frond Thriller by Donovan Fitzpatrick

James Frond entered Q.'s office on London's Regent's Park at 7:59:01. His order had been to appear at eight.

"You're early, 00000009," Q. said, using the rare seven-zero prefix that indicated Frond's license to kill, when necessary, in the service of the Secret Service.

Frond lit a Player's and waited.

"How's your index of toughness, 00000009?" Q asked casually. His level grey eyes held a mixture of indifference, concern and shrewd assessment. "Recovered from the SMDCSTCH job yet?"

"Quite." Frond had no interest in recalling the tussle with Doctor Maybe, the crafty, cruel agent of SMDCSTCH, the Soviet organization for narcotics, espionage, counterfeiting, smuggling, terrorism, intimidation, back-biting and political skullduggery. That was a week ago, and he had fully recovered from the twenty-seven bullet wounds and the shark bites. He waited, noting that Q.'s level grey eyes seemed to look right through him to the wall.

"Directly behind you on the wall," said Q., is the 4X-17 map of Thailand. Ever been to Bangkok?"

Frond was startled. The Old Man had been looking through him.

"Years ago, sir. On that joint FBI-CIA-Scotland Yard-Interpol-Deuxieme Bureau assignment."

"Yes, yes, Q. said gruffly. He hated sentiment, Frond knew. Q. took a red leather folder from his desk, stamped it FOR MY EYES ALONE in 72-point Bodoni gold script and tossed it into his IN basket. Frond lit a Royal Blend. Something big was up.

"This time it's smuggling, 00000009. Huge operation and damnably clever. Thai silks are flooding New York's Seventh Avenue--the garment district, you know. Coming in by the ton. Causing a bit of a panic, so I've been told."

"Sounds fairly ominous," Frond said, speaking carefully. He'd always had trouble pronouncing the word "ominous."

"Exactly," Q. said gruffly. "How the smuggling is handled, we don't know. Neither does J. Edgar, the United States Coast Guard, Customs or the New York City Transit Authority." He paused for ten minutes or so. "But we do know that the operation begins in Bangkok. We've deduced that from the fact that Thai silks are made in Bangkok."

"Who's Mr. Big?" Frond asked.

Q.'s level grey eyes suddenly slanted. "A man formerly known as Mr. Big. But no help there. Our agent in Bangkok signaled he changed his name."

"The agent?"

"No. Mr. Big. The agent, 00000009, is dead. Run over by a rickshaw. Nasty business."

"If I may say so, sir," Frond said, "rickshaws are used in Hong Kong."

(Continued on page 12)



# *Ivana be loved by you*



*CHRISTINA IVANOVA: b. Maria Alexis, in Karpis, Lithuania (1940)?; mother Albanian/father Russian. Fled Sweden under Turkish passport (1943); father agent for Dutch Resistance, MVD and Yugoslav Intelligence; deported fr. Argentina (1957) as security risk, travelled USA on Panamanian ship under Bolivian passport (1958); fluent in German, French, Albanian, Russian, Spanish; know. judo, ciphers, poses as dancer, model.*













*EVERYWHERE THAT MARY GOES, INTERPOL IS SURE TO GO*







"Precisely. That's what makes it so damnably strange."

Q. took a SECRET stamp and carefully pressed it against Frond's left eyeball.

"Very well, 00000009, you have your assignment. Contact the American agent in Bangkok. Find out who's running the operation and bring him to heel."

Frond nodded. Heel, Number 0123456-789 in the Records, was the operative at Chumley-on-Thames in charge of fabrics. "Usual cover, I suppose?"

"Quite." Q.'s expression was warmly indifferent. "Good luck, 00000009."

Thirty-six minutes later Frond slid into Seat 2-A in the first-class section of the Boeing 707 and adjusted his seat belt for an impact pressure of 1400 pounds. As soon as the big jet was airborne he lit a Senior Service filter tip and ordered a drink from the hostess. "Dry Martini with Beebeater's. I want it in a champagne glass that has been wiped with a strip of Jamaican lemon, slightly chilled."

The hostess studied him speculatively, observing his rather thin lips which contained a hint of cruelty, as well as anger, ambition, desire, lust, pride and prejudice. "Righto", she said.

Sipping his drink through an .02-mm. soda straw, Frond considered his position. It looked like a difficult case. London to Bangkok would be an exhausting trip. He liked to start his assignments in top physical condition, so now he loosened his Countess Mara cravat and did four hundred pushups in the aisle. Satisfied, and checking that the grenades were fixed securely in the toe caps of his chukka boots, he lit a Laurens *jeune* and relaxed.

Suddenly he noticed the man in the seat directly across the aisle. About 46, Frond estimated, suited by either Wallach's or Fortesque's, Chavez tie held in place by a Swank clip, a 91-jewel Timex with rhino leather strap on his wrist. Frond couldn't figure the man's shirting, and it annoyed him. In the Secret Service, it was his business to know these things. The man was doodling on a pad with a Sheaffer Multi-Point ballpoint pen, and Frond noticed he had lightly printed the word: HOOVER.

James Frond came immediately alert. The Americans were in on the job after all. He said softly, "Glad Hoover's in on the job. Shall we talk in the men's room?"

The man glared at him. "I'm with the vacuum cleaner people."

Frond shrugged and ordered a light lunch. "Fresh Iranian caviar, la Roulade de Veau aux Rognons, Pilaf rice. With it, Bourdeaux rouge, Grand cru class, in a beer stein; boil it exactly four minutes. For dessert, la Cassata Sicilienne, in a flat earthenware tureen. Brandy later, with a dash of olive bitters."

Frond enjoyed good cuisine and leisurely dining, and he had scarcely finished before the 707 was touching down at Bangkok's Don Muang airport. As he disembarked he noticed something strange about the prop-driven Constellation that had just come in from Idlewild. Forty-six passengers and 51 hostesses. Frond calculated rapidly. An excessive number, he decided. Further, every hostess was abnormally thin, actually skinny. But damned attractive none the less, he thought, in their *cheongsams*, the traditional tight-fitting dresses with the slit skirts. Still, damned odd.

He hurried through Customs, Immigration, Health and several turnstiles, then changed his pounds, dollars, Swiss francs, lire and Venezuelan bolivars for Thailand ticals and hailed a pedicab. The machine, a 1929 *grip* Bantu, 4½ litre, with Amherst-Villiers supercharger and twin two-inch tailpipes, slid quickly into high through the Dynamesh gears. As they toiled along, Frond lit a Gauloises and studied the canals, called *knongs*, with their floating hibiscus, lotus flowers and dead dogs, and counted the ornate Buddhist temples glittering in the tropical sun. There were 400 of them, two more than on his last visit. Bangkok, he mused. Venice of the East. Legal opium. Home of the blue movie. Dark-eyed girls in *cheongsams* slit to their Thai thighs. The assignment promised to be interesting, and before he drew up to the Erawan Hotel he knew that a tical was worth precisely five cents in American money.

He registered under his cover name, James Cover, then sent code signals to the Colonial Office, Whitehall, Scotland Yard, Madame Tussaud's and Place Pigalle, and a double-coded birthday greeting to Q. Q. never celebrated birthdays and would get the point. For now, Frond was on his own. How to find Mr. Big?

In his room he slipped out of his burr-oose and donned a Catalina nylon swimsuit, Klein's wooden clogs and a J. Press cotton robe and slipped down the back stairway to the swimming pool that sat in a lush tropical garden behind the hotel.

He took off from the three-meter board in a racing dive and went deep into the tepid water. Immediately his gun arm was gripped hard. He whirled. A girl in a blue Balenciaga bikini was treading water with one hand. She was, Frond suspected, a Thai—lovely cafe-au-lait complexion, marvelous figure, and the letters THAI stamped on her elbow. But friend or foe?

She took a slate out of the V between her breasts and scribbled furiously, misspelling it, *I know the name of the man formerly known as Mr. Big.*

Frond, holding his nose, reached for the slate. *Who are you? CIA Ghost Squad? Interpol?* he wrote.

The girl's face was turning purple. Probably from lack of air, Frond decided. She wrote: *My name is Prah Djinari Mahaprasart. I'm the Bangkok editor of Vogue Magazine. Funny business going on in the New York office. May tie in with*

*the Thai silk smuggling. Meet me tomorrow morning at the Temple of the Dawn, known locally as the Wat Arun. Wait five minutes before emerging. She kicked up to the surface and disappeared.*

His lungs protesting, Frond waited 5:00 minutes, then left the water. He dropped into a poolside chair and ordered a quart of Enzian and washed it down with a pint of Lowenbrau in which the juice of thirty mangoes had been inserted. Then he went to his room and took out his .30-08 Special, three and one-half-inch barrel length, with a muzzle velocity of 8800 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 2600 foot-pounds. He put the weapon into its chamois holster and adjusted the combination, then lit a Macedonia Oro with a fast-action grip, unmarked Zippo. Frond always knew how he felt and always acted on the knowledge. Now he knew he felt tired. He went to bed.

The myriad colors of the Temple of the Dawn reflected in the opaque waters of the Chao Phraya River as Frond left the launch and joined the crowd of tourists at the gilded entrance. His specially-trained nostrils detected the aroma of an exotic scent. He whirled. Prah Djinari Mahaprasart stood at his elbow, fluidly graceful in a blue Balmain sheath. Her jet black hair, with its highlights of green, russet, orange and saffron, was on her head. Frond had expected that, but the scent eluded him. Arpege? My Sin? Tabu? It was his business to know such things, and he was annoyed when he didn't—there was no place in the Service for failures. "Good morning, Miss Prah—"

"Call me Ishmael," she said casually, then whispered, "Notice the guide. Formerly Mr. Big. He may be your man."

Frond's eyes narrowed. The guide, speaking to the tourists in perfect Swahili, was a veritable giant of a man in a modified Buddhist cloak, with dagger, sandalwood sandals and black beret. He appeared to be either a Thai who looked French or a Frenchman who looked Siamese.

"He's known locally as M. Mais Oui," Ishmael whispered. "He's a Frenchman who looks Siamese. This guide business is his cover."

Frond didn't entirely trust her. The alleged connection with Vogue might be her cover, although Frond hadn't seen a Vogue cover in years. "What's your interest?"

"He could be behind the shortage of fashion models in Manhattan," she said evenly. "The hundred top models have disappeared. Harper's Bazaar and Vogue have been reduced to using Miss Rhinegold. A sticky wicket, as you chaps say, and I'm certain M. Mais Oui is the mastermind behind it." She pulled him behind a porcelain statue.

"He dines every night at the Phart Phoo restaurant."

(Continued on page 14)





"That's our next move then," Frond said. "I'll pick you up at 2100."

The girl nodded and then, her attitude a mixture of humility, arrogance, determination and indecision, bowed low in the direction of a gold statue of a warrior.

"Are you a Buddhist?" Frond asked, as they left the temple and boarded the launch.

She shook her head. "I'm a Seventh Avenue Adventist. But I drink the wine of the country, if you know what I mean."

FronD grasped the essential truth immediately. He took out a Mark Cross leather pocket flask from his flask pocket and poured two schooners of ice-cold Vouvray. She drained hers at a gulp and dove overboard to disappear in the opaque waters of the Chao Phraya River.

At 20:59:01 they stepped into the cool dimness of the Phart Phoo restaurant. Ishmael was wearing a Givenchy house-spun. She seemed infinitely desirable, in a finite way. A smiling maitre d' led them to a secluded table against a bamboo wall and Frond ordered drinks. "For the lady, Compari, Cinzano, lemon and Perrier water. I want a Negroni." When the drinks came Frond sent his back because it had been mixed using vodka made of potatoes, not grain. It was his business to know such things. He settled back. M. Mais Oui was nowhere in sight. Ishmael turned to him, her lips, eyes and ears provocative. "The floor show here is quite good. Classical Siamese sword dancers." She seemed composed, but Frond noticed that she was puffing furiously on her Chesterfield even before he had touched a match to it.

After the second quart of Perrier water Ishmael excused herself, and with a single fluid motion rose and hurried in the direction of the ladies' room. Frond lit a Gitanas and checked the mechanism of his long-barreled 80-90 Luger with the finger-tip release that fit snugly in the hidden holster beneath his right thumb nail. Could he completely trust the girl? And where was M. Mais Oui?

Cymbals clashed harshly and the lights slowly dimmed to complete darkness. Frond fumbled for the pinch bottle of Haig & Haig Pinch Bottle but his trained hand never reached it. He felt a soft crushing blow at the back of his neck and a curious sensation of flying as lights exploded behind his eyes and he slipped into unconsciousness.

He swam out of darkness to find himself lying on a long, narrow foam rubber mattress which was in turn on a long, narrow table. He lifted his head slightly. Leather straps at chest and ankles bound him securely. He was stark naked. The room was painted entirely in red.

"You're back with us, Mr. Frond. Good."

FronD turned his head. M. Mais Oui sat Buddha-like in a red leather chair of some

make not familiar to Frond. It annoyed him; he resolved to check it later. M. Mais Oui was dressed in a Rogers Peet double-breasted worsted and he held a bundle of Thai silk in his enormous hands. Frond studied the silk. So M. Mais Oui was his man, the brains behind the ring.

M. Mais Oui chuckled. "Actually, you are my man, Mr. Frond. For awhile. A short while. You see, I can't permit you to interfere with my smuggling ring."

FronD said nothing. He wondered about Ishmael and wished he could send a coded signal to Q, or Government House, or at least to Anita Ekberg.

"Before you die," M. Mais Oui went on, "you might be interested in my operation." He showed Frond his appendectomy, then clapped his hands. The wall behind him slid open. Frond stared. He was looking at some two-dozen girls, all wearing silk *cheongsams*—the same elegant, terribly thin girls he had seen acting as hostesses at the airport. Now they seemed listless, apathetic. Frond suspected they were drugged.

"These young ladies," said M. Mais Oui, "are the fashion models currently missing from New York. They now work for me, on the airline I operate between Idlewild and Bangkok."

"And they have something to do with the smuggling," Frond said, his trained mind racing.

"Right. And a brilliant scheme, if I may say so. The models have been drugged with a secret drug known only to me and a demented chemist who defected from American Cyanamide. Drugged, they have willingly given up their hundred-dollar-an-hour rates and lunches at '21' to be my pawns. So—you will notice they are excessively thin, Mr. Frond."

The agent nodded. He wished he could smoke a Camel; but then, who could?

"They make three round-trips a week—and on the return trips they wear no less than ten pure silk *cheongsams*. And being so thin, they look, even with that much clothing on, no more voluptuous, shall we say, than a normal woman." He paused. "And there you have it, Mr. Frond. One hundred models, each carrying a dozen silk dresses to New York three times a week. Brilliant, is it not?"

FronD wiggled his toes in unwilling admiration. Damnably brilliant, cleverer than anything ever dreamed up by SMDC-STCH.

"And now, Mr. Frond, you are about to pay the ultimate price for your meddling. I have prepared something special for you." He clapped his hands and two beautiful but excessively muscular girls glided into the room. They were wearing only Dior brassieres and panties. They looked at Frond speculatively.

"As one of your country's most gifted

agents, Mr. Frond, you have endured many kinds of tortures, some crude, some subtle. And you have, until now, survived. But have you ever had an authentic Japanese massage—carried to its ultimate conclusion?"

FronD said nothing.

"The ultimate massage, Mr. Frond. At the beginning, absolute ecstasy. Until it gradually begins to be too much. And eventually turns into total pain."

FronD closed his left eye. This was damnable. He had suffered the most diabolical tortures the agents of SMDCSTCH could devise—but this would be exquisitely horrible. *Massage a la infinite.*

"I shall be interested in learning your survival time, Mr. Frond, from rapture to pain." M. Mais Oui nodded six times and the muscular girls approached Frond. He felt keenly aware of his nudity. One girl reached out a muscular hand and gently probed his abdomen, her smile a mixture of cruelty and compassion.

FronD stiffened. His job now would be to will his body to obey his will—to ignore the ecstasy so that later he could ignore the pain. He closed the other eye, feeling the soft, strong hands beginning to explore his flesh.

A crash reverberated through the room and Frond jerked at the touch of cold metal on his chest. He opened one eye, then both eyes. Ishmael, in the costume of a classical Siamese sword-dancer, was slashing at his bonds with a ceremonial sword of fine Sheffield steel. There was an inscription on the hilt which Frond couldn't decipher. It annoyed him. As he rose from the table the girls fled and he saw M. Mais Oui heave his huge bulk out of the leather chair and send the sword flying out of Ishmael's hands.

FronD dove off the table, his hands reaching for M. Mais Oui's neck. His fingers found the carotid artery in the fat throat and he squeezed. Considering M. Mais Oui's height and weight, Frond estimated that 1.65 litres of blood passed through that particular artery every forty minutes, and he squeezed for precisely thirty-nine seconds, and when he released his grip M. Mais Oui was unconscious.

Exhausted, Frond staggered back to the table. The beautiful face of Ishmael hovered above him. "You poor thing," she crooned. "Was it very bad?"

"It was only beginning to be bad," Frond said. "Later it would have been very bad. I don't know how long I could have held up."

"You're holding up splendidly." Dextrously she lit an Egyptian Rami and put it between Frond's lips, then poured him a golden goblet of Chivas Riga in which exactly two drops of olive oil had been stirred. "Mr. James Frond," she whispered softly, her face mirroring a provocative combination of desire, disdain, depression and dedication. □



**300** miles at  
**BRIDGE-  
HAMPTON**





The sports car meet called the Three Hundred Miles or the Double Five Hundred (kilometers) has been held at Bridgehampton, Long Island, for the past two years in September, and has come to mean a great deal to racing buffs on the east coast. This year the future of the 2/500 is in doubt, since in the past it drew its sponsorship from the New York Daily Mirror, now defunct. The meet is (or was) one of the

best events of a type already rare enough in this country. You get something at a sports car race that's hard to come by at the neighborhood drags. Its internationality gives it the color of a medieval tourney; the skilled professionalism of the drivers and the power of their machines creates the atmosphere of a minor war. If Bridgehampton fails, American sport will have lost something unique and wonderful.



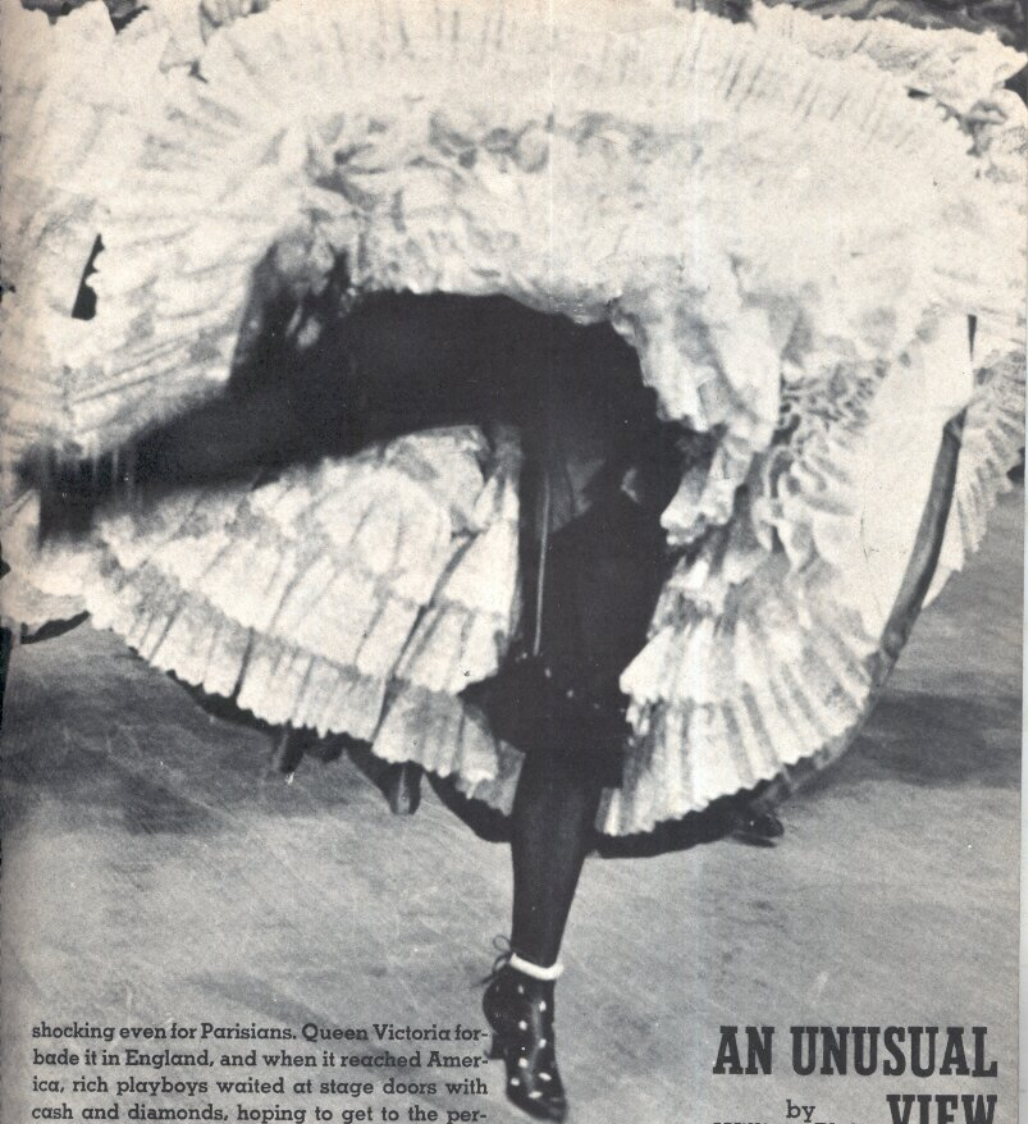




At the high point of the world's naughtiest dance the girls turned their backs to the paying customers and, with an air of utter abandonment, tossed their skirts and petticoats over their heads. In that momentary flash each dancer revealed her shapely legs and even shapelier derrieres eliciting spontaneous applause from the audience in the dimly lit Montmartre cafe.

A distinguished-looking man adjusted his pince-nez for a better look and bent his head lower and lower in an effort to see more than was being shown. A mischievous smile spread over the face of the girl he was ogling. With a quick motion of a perfectly-shaped leg she kicked the glasses off his nose with such precision that her toe did not even brush his face. The customers howled with glee.

The girls were doing the Can-can, the teasing dance first performed in the Paris underworld dives and which was originally considered so tantalizing that Napoleon III banned it as too



shocking even for Parisians. Queen Victoria forbade it in England, and when it reached America, rich playboys waited at stage doors with cash and diamonds, hoping to get to the performers before the police did.

This dance, which one of its great practitioners described as "teasing until the young men go wild and the old men become young," had celebrated its hundredth anniversary in the spring of 1959. It has attained the respectability of art. Paintings of Can-

(Continued on page 22)

# AN UNUSUAL by William Blaise VIEW OF THE CAN-CAN

THE MAN OF TASTE AND DISCRETION WILL TELL YOU; THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH GREENWICH VILLAGE, THE PLACE PIGALLE, THE FLESHPOTS OF TANGIERS AND THE LEVANT; THE FELLOW WHO HAS GONE BEYOND THE ADOLESCENT PECCADILLO. HE'LL SAY: "INSTAFEM® FOR ME ...EVERY TIME, EVERYPLACE." ANOTHER PRODUCT FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS *COMMAMAD-CHENFABRIKENWERKE* OF SCHWABEN, WEST GERMANY, INSTAFEM® GIVES CONVENIENT, PORTABLE COMPANIONSHIP WITHOUT THE EMBARRASSMENT AND BOTHER THAT ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES THE USE OF "STANDARD" PRODUCTS. YOUR INSTAFEM® IS ALWAYS FRESH, ALWAYS LOVELY. ORDINARY TALCUM POWDER PRESERVES IT INDEFINITELY. AND THINK OF THE SAVINGS! YOUR INSTAFEM® WILL PAY FOR ITSELF IN



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## Can-Can (Continued from page 19)

can girls by great artists hang in museums, forever recording the girls in their exciting poetry of motion. Plays, ballets and movies have featured the dance and not one that offered the Can-can as a major attraction ever suffered a financial failure.

"The Can-can," said one famous Can-canier, "is the strip tease with the clothes on. The smart woman who wants to excite a man knows she can accomplish more by showing just a little of her body than by appearing in her altogether."

What is now known as the Can-can was first danced by *apaches* of the demi-monde for their own amusement. It was lewd and suggestive and originally much more violent than the wildest modern twisting. Though the Can-can originated in France, the British gave it its first push towards fame. In the spring of 1859 an English music-hall dancer named "Wiry Sal" did the dance in London, imitating what she had seen in a Paris underworld cafe. Wiry Sal's version was mild compared to the French one but even then it electrified London. The music hall in Leicester Square played to standing room only, and from London it sped around the world. Historians date the Can-can's birth from that great night when Wiry Sal flaunted a trim and very attractive fanny in the faces of the paying customers and gave them something to dream about.

Paris itself first became publicly aware of the dance when a gay bastard (literally) named the Comte Charles de la Battut introduced it. The Comte's real father was a wealthy chemist who, since he could not acknowledge his illegitimate offspring, paid an impoverished nobleman to adopt the boy and give him a legal name. The Comte grew up tall, well-built, strikingly handsome; a good sportsman and a great man with the ladies. Strangely enough, the Comte was a dead ringer for an Englishman named Lord Henry Seymour, a rather stuffy squire, and for many years Seymour was believed to be leading a double life and to have introduced the dance. At one time, half of Paris believed Lord Henry was really the Scarlet Pimpernel of the fleshpots.

When the chemist died and left Battut a considerable inheritance, the playboy began to play in earnest. He rented an expensive apartment on the Boulevard de Capucines, dressed like a fashion plate, entertained constantly and drove about the city in a coach and four. Both his manners and his money made him welcome in upper-class society and, though he enjoyed this atmosphere, his heart was in Montmartre cellars where the patrons snapped their fingers at morality. Women found him irresistible, not only for his money but because he was magnificently built and sufficiently abandoned in his love-making

to satisfy the most demanding tastes. He became the link between the underworld and the world of society. He took the Can-can from the dives, and introduced it to *haut-monde* Paris. The resultant explosion produced societies for the prevention of vice (in Paris of all places!) and Battut and his friends barely escaped jail.

Yet Bohemian Paris clung to its own amusements, especially the annual carnivals held at *Les Varieties*. These affairs were attended by cut-throats, ruffians, artists, pickpockets, poets, assassins, models and a few bold slummers. Leaders at the carnivals always tried to surprise the revelers with something to make them gasp. The year before Battut introduced the new dance, a statuesque and beautiful artist's model furnished the surprise. All evening she had sat quietly with her cape around her, declining all invitations to dance. At midnight, when the music sounded for a stately quadrille she joined the others on the floor and threw off her cape. The quadrille almost ended right there.

The model had not a stitch on except dancing shoes, a boa around her neck and a pair of long, black gloves. So dressed, she danced the quadrille with a haughty and aloof air. She was the talk of Paris until Battut appeared.

It was near midnight when those outside *Les Varieties* heard boisterous singing and a rumbling of many wheels. It was Battut and some twenty companions, each with a lighted torch, rolling up in a cortege of coaches. Battut was the first to jump out at the entrance to *Les Varieties* and, waving his torch high, went into a dance previously seen only by those who frequented underworld cafes. Those with him followed his steps, and the girls became even more abandoned and suggestive in their movements than the men. Every time Battut's rear jerked up the girls tossed their skirts over their heads to display their pantaloons, and a lot more besides.

The police assigned to the annual ball to maintain order should some celebrants get too high were shocked—and it takes a lot to shock a Paris cop. They followed the Battut parade into the hall trying to make up their minds what to do about it. If anything, Battut pranced about even more suggestively and the women kicked higher and displayed their posteriors longer. The other merry-makers joined them and the dance became a bacchanal. Paris had never seen anything like it.

As a rule gendarmes never interfered at these annual affairs, not even during the incident of the nude model, but this dance was too much for even the Paris police. They raided the hall in a fever of morality. It is interesting that the same men who would not have dreamed of disturbing the

filthiest brothel found this dance intolerable.

As the indignant police pushed towards Battut the other revelers closed ranks and acted as interference while the playboy and his lady friends scrambled out the back door. With the leader of the dance gone the gendarmes also left. But Battut and his companions had merely sought temporary refuge in a nearby cafe. They continued to tank up until word reached them that the cops were gone. They returned to a rousing welcome.

Almost overnight Paris changed from an ordinary European city into "naughty Paris." Battut's dance was adopted by Paris society leaders, notably the Comte d'Alton-Shee, a peer of France, and Prince Belgiojoso, a gay Italian blade noted for his parties. Even M. Duponchel, the director of the opera, resisted no longer than respectability demanded. The dance was named the Can-can.

There are several versions of how it got this name. The story most commonly accepted by scholars is that it came from a Latin word meaning scandalous and a medieval French word meaning a rumpus. The Can-can was both, and it so shocked Paris that Napoleon III ordered the police not to permit its performance in public. Societies for the suppression of vice, with especial emphasis on banning the Can-can, blossomed overnight. It became a jail offense for a female dancer to raise her skirts more than just enough to reveal an ankle. This law was enforced, and the Can-can died.

For several decades the only place it could still be seen was in the low dives where it was first born, and it was in one of these dives that Wiry Sal got her inspiration.

Wiry Sal codified the five major parts of the modern Can-can: (1) the high kick, (2) the fast rotary movement of the leg with the knee held up, (3) the fast turning on one leg, with the other raised to a vertical position and grasped around the ankle with one hand, (4) the cartwheel and (5) the flying split.

In Wiry Sal's day and even well into the Naughty Nineties no Can-can dancer dared show a naked leg or a thinly-covered rear. Dancers had to wear pantalets and Wiry Sal's was probably the most fascinating of her day, unmatched even in later burlesque. In her own way she was a genius at intriguing the customers. Her dancers wore long black stockings, dresses with high necks and long sleeves and pantalets! On the right leg of each girl, just above the knee, was a garter, and on the garter lay a red, red rose. When the girls did the fast rotary movement of one leg, the other revealed the garter and visions of heaven. And this was only a mild teaser.

When it was time for the girls to toss  
(Continued on page 24)





*"Anybody who likes sex can't be all bad."*

their dresses over their heads and display their posteriors to the paying customers most of the men went a little berserk. On the seat of each pantaleet was a symbol which was changed with every performance and the symbols ranged from an embroidered heart on each side to a grinning pussycat over the entire fanny. The customers loved it.

Wiry Sal's troupe caught on. The popularity of the Can-can was so great that the French took it back. The cafes hired press agents to cry that it was France's in the first place. The order issued by Napoleon III had long since been forgotten. The *Moulin Rouge*, the *Tabarin* and the *Casino de Paris* featured the dance as the real "French Can-can," and the world opened its arms to what became a symbol of French naughtiness.

There was so much talk about its drawing power that grave professors of psychology at the Sorbonne actually conducted researches to see why the Can-can made the male go wild. These studies scientifically established what women had known for centuries: that when a woman reveals a flash of body concealed in undergarments, the male is more sexually stimulated than when he sees her body in the nude.

The craze swept to America and became one of the symbols of the Gay Nineties. During the 1893 Chicago World's Fair the Can-can gave the Midwest a taste of Parisian night life and the Midwesterners loved it. Dancers imported from Paris flaunted their attractive derrieres to stampees every night and twice on Saturdays. The popularity of the dance produced variations, one of which was the "Gaiety Skirt Dance" performed by the Gaiety Girls. The dancers wore bifurcated skirts which they swirled and swished when doing their spectacular high kicks. The N.Y. Times reported:

"... The popular desire to watch the suggestive swaying of divided skirts and the spectacle of shapely legs kicking high in the air seems greater than ever with the mass of theatre goers."

During prohibition in this country some men interested in the joy of living and well-filled purses discovered that in Hoboken the thirsty could get reasonably good beer without ending up in the hoosegow, and turned Hoboken into a center of culture by staging shows in an old theatre. Filled with sauerbraten, knockwurst and beer the customers applauded the hero, hissed the villain and generally had one hell of a good time. The most popular of all the plays offered was the one which featured the Can-can. To see it customers came by train, ferry, tunnel, taxi and, it was rumored, some even swam the river to see the girls do their brazen teasing. By then the pantaleets had gone out with

gas lighting. The Hoboken performers displayed derrieres thinly covered by silk, and beautiful white flashes of thigh might be glimpsed between the tops of the stockings and the panties.

In both worlds wars the doughboy or GI who found his way to Paris went for the Can-can in a big way. It was primarily the Can-can that inspired the popular song "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree." During World War II, after the German occupation, the joy of a liberated people was symbolized by the abandonment of the Can-can dancers. The GI's reaction to these performers gave the MP's plenty of work around places like the *Moulin Rouge* and the *Casino de Paris* because excited Yanks started to raid the dancers' dressing rooms.

Raids upon dressing rooms by liberating libertines became so regular that cafe managers had to put locks on the girls' doors. But our boys broke down the doors as if assaulting enemy positions. Finally, MP's had to be stationed near the dressing rooms to restrain the troops.

The Can-can did not become respectable until the Naughty Nineties. It was then that cultured French observers, not blinded by prudery, realized that the dance was as difficult an artistic form as the ballet, and in some ways more strenuous. There was grace and beauty in the girls' movements. Great painters of the day were fascinated by the rhythm and ebullient life displayed during the Can-can. Famous composers arranged gay and lilting music for the Can-can dance and much of its early roistering was toned down. And, when famous artists and composers became interested, the stamp of true art was placed on it. Can-can performers became celebrities instead of criminals.

Among the most colorful was a beautifully blithe blonde known as *La Goulue* or *The Glutton*, so called because she ate five enormous meals a day. Most Can-can girls ate four because the dance used up energy at so tremendous a rate that they needed more nourishment than a hard-working truck driver.

*La Goulue* was the greatest attraction the *Moulin Rouge* ever had, and she was an artist of the naughty. She improvised as she danced, for the true Can-can has no set routines. It is just a whirlwind of sexual tantalizing, a delirium of legs, rosebud garters and derrieres. Even today, the Can-can is generally conceded to be the fastest routine in the world and the best dancers cannot stand the pace after they reach 26 or 28.

The greatest Can-can girls of the Nineties were fabulous characters. All of them were known to their public by affectionate nicknames, such as "Cold Stripe" (who

killed herself when doing the flying split when her heel caught in her frilly petticoat), the "Grasshopper," "Man-hole Cover," "Claire de Lune," etc. Most famous of all was Louise Weber, *The Glutton*. She had a gorgeous body without an ounce of fat, long, marvelously proportioned legs and a head of wheat-blond hair. A great dancer and a natural showman, she appreciated the value of the artist's trade mark. Instead of a cat or a dog she had a goat for a pet. Paris was fascinated.

*La Goulue* also knew that petticoats fascinated Paris. She had 180 feet of lace under her dress which she swirled into a cloudburst of motion while customers stared for a glimpse of her beautiful legs and the garter with the red rose. And when she tossed her skirts over her head she disclosed a derriere that brought the boys to their feet with loud hoorays and unstinted applause for, on the seat of her pantaleets, was an embroidered heart.

At the height of her fame, when Paris was at her feet, few adored her more than a stunted, ugly, near-sighted creature who earned an occasional living doing lithographs for advertising posters.

*La Goulue* looked on him with amused tolerance. He was another unusual pet, like her goat. In return Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec painted her doing the Can-can and immortalized both the dancer and the dance.

*La Goulue* eventually went the way of all Can-can dancers; her body gave out. Once she ceased being a featured attraction she had difficulty earning a living. With some other dancers she organized a rather pathetic carnival show in an effort to cash in on her former fame, but they had no scenery and no money to have any painted by even the cheapest scenic painters. When Lautrec heard of their plight, he volunteered to paint them scenery and turned out canvas after canvas.

Somewhere in a French warehouse today, if they have not been destroyed, there is a king's ransom in rolled-up, dusty canvases painted by Toulouse-Lautrec with adoration for a Can-can dancer down on her luck.

*The Glutton* died in 1929, alone, with the Paris which had once knelt at her feet not even aware of her passing.

Over the years since Wiry Sal burst on the London stage with the Parisian underworld dance, the Can-can has been repeatedly revived the world over. In France it is a permanent institution. Shows and ballets and several movies have been built around it. And now, what was once the world's naughtiest dance is celebrating its one hundredth birthday. But it still has what it takes to make the customers jump from their seats shouting "Hooray!"

May it live at least another one hundred years to drive "the young men wild and make the old men young."







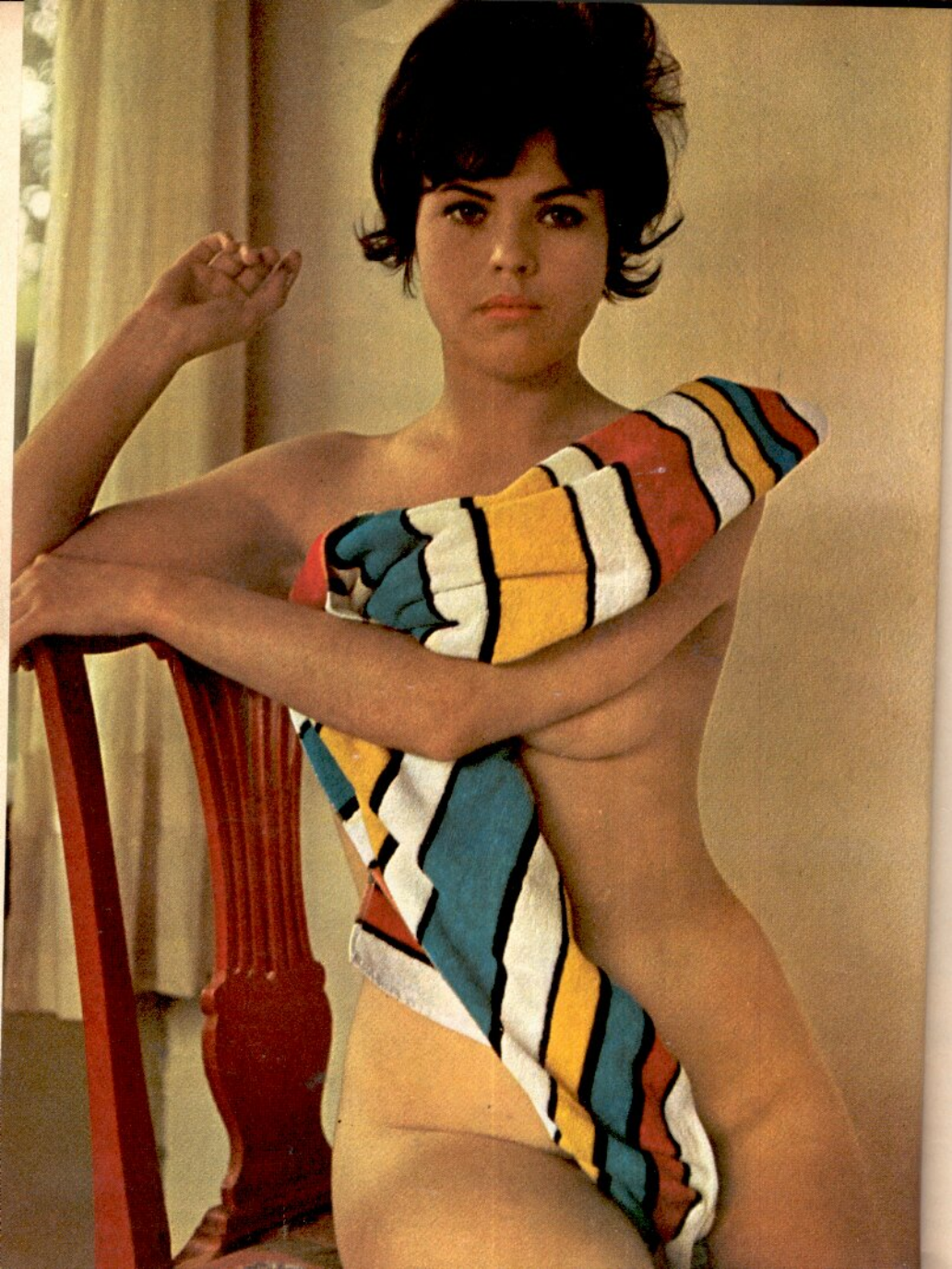


# ELLA MORGAN

*Ella Morgan, a young lady who merits two separate spreads in this 1965 annual (see her again in the back of the book) has a strong sense of humor—one of the reasons why this, her first modeling session, went so well. Globe-trotting photographer Bill Hamilton found Ella in Copenhagen, where she was on holiday from her native England. He notes that she was nervous at first, but was still able to laugh at herself when she made a few mistakes in the studio. On a whim that proved right, Hamilton told her to think of profound things, look thoughtful. Ella protested that she didn't think*















she could keep a straight face, and besides, her friends would hardly recognize her if she wasn't laughing. Yielding to persuasion, Ella followed instructions, later says she thought about the "horrible world situation." When not working, she's been on a graphology kick, has been collaring her friends and obtaining samples of their handwriting, which she practices analyzing for fun.





## THE STRANGEST SQUARE IN PARIS / SOME NEW

**I**F AN American stage designer who had never been to Paris were asked to build an utterly romantic set of a square in that city, he would probably recreate the Place de la Contrescarpe without knowing it.

The Square is set on a hill above the Latin Quarter and just below the Pantheon. From it,

the gabled roofs of Paris are visible. There is a little island in the center with three trees, one of them almost Japanese in its twisted delicacy. And all around are the shops and cafes that make for French inefficiency and charm.

And yet, there is much more to this square than that decrepit architectural beauty that one



MEL HOWARD

## WINE FOR old boîtes/By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

finds throughout Paris. It began as a little village just inside the ancient city walls and its people knew the bloody suppression of the Paris Commune. Between the two World Wars, the Square was the scene of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Lost Generation, perhaps the most beloved place of Ernest Hemingway, and

today, is in the midst of still another metamorphosis. Because of a dynamic and imaginative American, it possesses one of the most fashionable cabarets in the city, a hotel which is really a sort of Salvation Army center of the arts, a plaza which is the summer gathering place of folk singers from all over the world,

*(Continued on page 33)*

# WHY MEN CLIMB MOUNTAINS

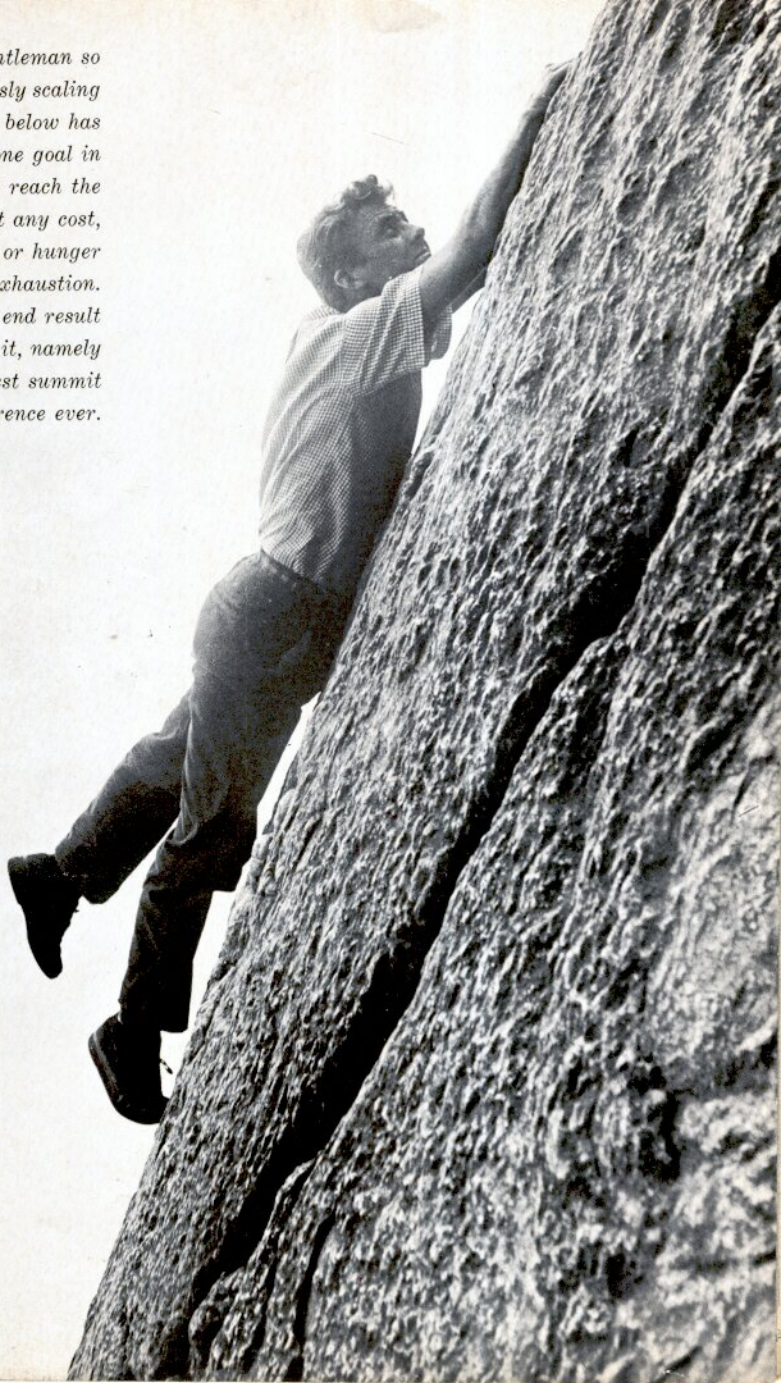


DONALD LOOMIS



*The gentleman so  
assiduously scaling  
the rocks below has  
only one goal in  
mind: to reach the  
top at any cost,  
be it cold or hunger  
or exhaustion.*

*But the end result  
is worth it, namely  
the wildest summit  
conference ever.*







(Continued from page 29)

and one of the strangest Beat bars to be found anywhere. And it may become an international theatre and television center of the avant garde.

So far, Contrescarpe has managed to stay just off the beaten path. Though famous on the international grapevine of writers, actors and singers, it has eluded most of the guide books. In other words, one can find there something more genuine than American tourists staring at American tourists.

In Hemingway's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the hero, Harry, lying dying in Africa. In a twilight world of near-death, he remembers the Place de la Contrescarpe, a square where the flower merchants filled the area with color. At the dance hall, there was a fast and furious competition among the girls (he thinks of one with a hot belly). The Cafe des Amateurs was filled with drunks and sports fans; the people of the Quarter were the tough descendants of the Paris Communards, and their grandfathers had been executed after the insurrection failed because they had calluses on their hands or wore workers' caps. Contrescarpe, Harry reflects, was the place he loved best of all in Paris.

In all probability the dying thoughts of Harry, and the living memories of Ernest Hemingway when he wrote the story, were identical. Here the American writer lived, and the dance hall was quite real (it is, alas, a grocery store now) and so were the cafes. Whether Hemingway loved Contrescarpe better than any other square in Paris is not known, yet it is certainly conceivable.

Hemingway and other American writers (Elmer Rice and James Thurber were both habitués of the Square) used to assemble at Contrescarpe on Sunday afternoons. There was a jazz combo, the flower merchants did a big business, and wine was sold from kegs. The dance hall girls from the Bal Musette were always available, and at the end of the day the Square was one splash of color: spilled wine, strewn flowers and Americans having an absolute ball getting themselves totally and irretrievably Lost.

Most of the people around the Square have forgotten these Sunday afternoons; the memory persists only among the Americans and the scholars. At a little bar on the Square, Aux Cinq Billiards (so named for the pool tables in the back room), the gruff patron doesn't remember any of these goings-on. He has noticed the enormous influx of Americans in the newest incarnation of the Square—three of them were sitting at a table discussing Art and Life while we talked at the bar—but the dying dreams of Harry in Africa mean nothing to him.

Contrescarpe was part of the Lost Generation life until the beginning of World

War II. But after the liberation of Paris, the old tradition failed to revive. The Square was returned to the French, the cafes were populated by clochards (the Paris drifters who sleep under bridges or on warm subway grates during the winter), and Algerians living in the midst of a hostile city. All this was changed about six years ago when a young American named Mel Howard arrived on the peaceful scene.

Like the Square itself, Howard possesses more or less romantic credentials. A student at Boston University and Columbia in the early Fifties, he sold a half-hour television script and took off. First he went to sea to build up his bankroll. Then he came to Paris and met a director and actress, Arlette Reinerg. They formed a team, and the Place de la Contrescarpe entered its newest, and perhaps most curious, incarnation.

When Howard arrived, the "Grand Hotel" of the square was up for sale. It was a run-down place with twenty-five rooms renting for about twenty cents a night. The bar downstairs was a clochard-Algerian rendezvous. A more improbable place for starting a small scale artistic renaissance would be hard to imagine. Yet, after Howard and Reinerg bought the hotel and bar, that is exactly what happened.

At first, the clientele remained as it had been for some years. But as people moved out or died (given the mode of life of the guests, there was a fair mortality rate), Howard moved in writers, painters, actors and singers, and essentially developed a Salvation Army hostel for Bohemia. Practically everyone who now lives there is involved in creating or singing something, and at least one guest, Andre Schwartz-Bart, the author of *The Last of the Just*, has achieved a certain celebrity, which the hotel shares somewhat.

Changing the character of the hotel was relatively easy. The bar was something else again. Howard's American friends and Reinerg's French friends began to drop by. There was always someone around with a guitar, and by a natural process the dingy cafe began to evolve toward a Parisian cabaret (the first paid act was an American banjo player). The clochards and Algerians did not, however, share the taste of the new clientele. They would continue their animated discussions throughout the acts, and there was a considerable amount of town-gown hostility until the bar was completely transformed to its present state.

In the beginning, the cabaret was as much a club as a paying bar. Most of the performers lived upstairs in the twenty-cent rooms, and when the official closing hour came, the staff continued with volunteer entertainment. Drinks were on the house. The jazz jam session was rescored for folk instruments and translated into

French. It was a period, Howard remembers, when he went to bed at four and rose at six. But, in any case, the informality paid off in the long run: The Place de la Contrescarpe became a landmark on the international folk circuit.

There were sudden discoveries, the courses of lives were changed. One night an Israeli named Erick Brauer stopped by with his wife. They were on their way back to Israel, but someone told Howard they had a good act. They performed; and they have been there, off and on, ever since. In addition to working in the cafe, Brauer is a determined painter who puts in a long working day (the myth of the Bohemian life here encounters a man who starts painting at nine in the morning and works until six in the evening). Over the years, his art began to sell.

Now that he is successful, Howard ruefully remembers when he could have bought a painting for fifty dollars. They now command many times that, but in the old days there was no money around for speculating in unknown painters, however talented.

Today, the Contrescarpe bar is one of the most popular places in Paris. Even on the bitter cold winter nights of 1962-63, it was jammed. And for good reason. The bar has become a showcase for young talent, and practically everyone with something to sing, say or satirize tries to get into the act.

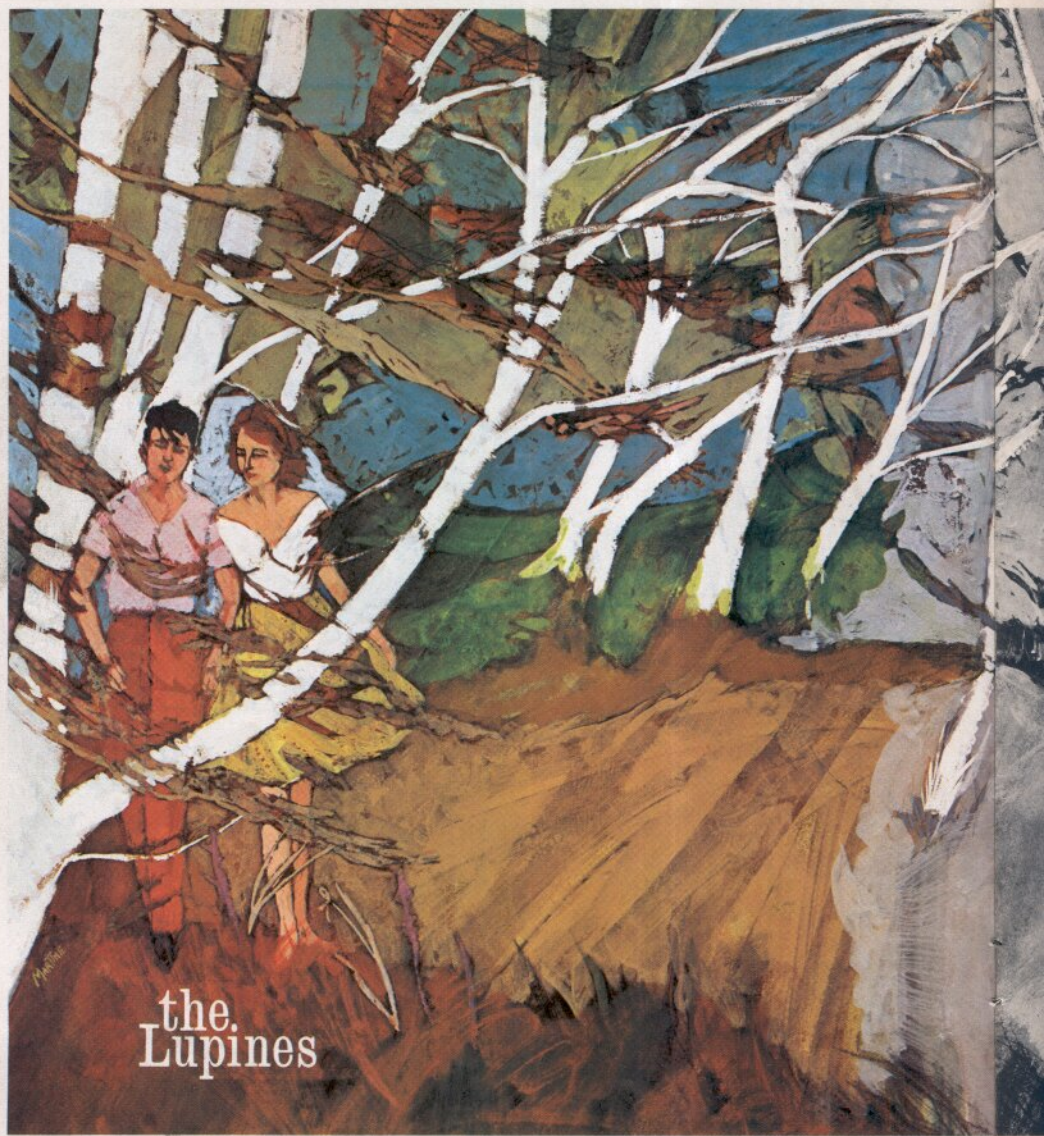
In the summer, the set changes just a bit. Instead of the Sunday afternoons of the Lost Generation out in the Square, the place becomes the informal headquarters of the folkniks. There are motorcycles, scooters and clusters of earnest singers out in the center of Contrescarpe. Until this year, Howard used to close during August, the traditional French holiday month when Paris rolls up the sidewalk. But the international character of his operation has made it possible, and necessary, to stay open in the summer of 1963 when travelling is at its peak.

But it would be wrong to think of Contrescarpe as a little bit of America hidden in an out-of-the-way corner of Paris. Its manners, its flavor, are unmistakably French.

In the Parisian boites de nuit, the frenzied, anxious drinking of an American bar simply does not exist. The continentals are accustomed to long, leisurely sessions sipping in cafes and watching the world go by. They carry the habit over into a night club. As a result, the drinks at Contrescarpe are priced high (about \$2 for a scotch, \$1.50 for a beer). However, according to Paris custom nothing more is required, and there is no cover or minimum. One can sit for the whole evening on the strength of a single Coke ("Buvez Coca Cola, Delicieux," says the sign in the window). However, the typical Amer-

(Continued on page 44)





the  
Lupines

**HAD WE BUT WORLD ENOUGH  
AND TIME... / BY LEE SUTTON**

ILLUSTRATION/MARTINE

IT HAD BEEN A DRY WINTER. THE HILLS BEHIND THE COLLEGE HAD GRADUALLY TURNED TO PALE GOLD IN THE CALIFORNIA WINTER LIGHT. IN THE FALL THEY HAD BEEN RAW GOLD, ALMOST DAZZLING; TAWNY LIONS SLEEPING IN THE SUN. BUT AS FALL GREW INTO WINTER THE HILLS BLEACHED OUT, AND THE SUN WAS BLUNTED BY HIGH MISTS AND THE ANGLE OF WINTER LIGHT.

WHEN THE RAINS REALLY CAME LATE IN DECEMBER, THEY NEVER QUITE STOPPED. FOR WEEKS THE HILLS HAD BEEN WRAPPED IN MIST AND RAIN.

HARRY McPHERSON STARED OUT THE WINDOW OF HIS OFFICE TOWARD THOSE HILLS. IN THE LATE FEBRUARY LIGHT THEY WERE NOW SOFT ROLLING STRUCTURES OF PALE GREEN. HE FELT ALMOST BODILESS AS HE MOVED HIS EYES DOWN FROM THE HILLS ONTO THE CAMPUS. EVEN IN THE AFTERNOON HE FELT THE SWEET BODILESS EASE OF ALMOST COMPLETE MARITAL SATISFACTION.

HE FELT BODILESS, YET EVERY CELL OF HIS BODY SEEMED ALIVE AND A PART OF THE SUBTLE MOVEMENT OF LIFE SURROUNDING HIM. HE SEEMED A PART OF THE MAPLES THAT WERE BARELY IN LEAF, AND A PART OF THE GRACEFUL SWAY OF (PLEASE TURN)





the eucalyptus groves behind the chem building; his mind touched out to the girls as they strolled free-limbed through the campus. Gone were their dark skirts. Their bodies were touched lightly by free-swinging cottons; or now and then a girl passed by whose hips moved sweetly in the skin-tight shorts that were popular this year. For McPherson they might as well have walked unclothed for his mind moved with them; moved with the bodies under the clothes as a man's mind moves with a startled deer sailing for cover, as a man's mind moves with a dancer.

McPherson smiled a little wryly as he viewed himself trying to be an all-experiencing mind. Last night he had been all body.

The rain had ended late on the previous afternoon just in time for the sun to give the musky smell of hot wet asphalt to the street. And then, of course, the wind. It seemed to Harry that in California the wind always roared after the rain.

He and Ellen made love to the sound of the wind that night, had smoked, had fixed a cup of coffee, had stepped outside to feel the wind against their bodies. It was a hard cold wind that chilled them into separation and then brought them back together again. Harry smiled. It was a rare thing after ten years.

Harry had walked to work that morning. It was almost three miles if you took the long way around and not much less by the short cut through the hills. But his body was easy and he decided to take the hill path home; between the wind and the sun it should be dry by now. He could toss a baseball with David, have supper, and then Ellen and he would go out and take in some mindless movie.

As he passed the door, he noticed the trench coat he had worn that cool morning. He threw it over his arm, moved down the dark stairs and into the light. He was glad of the girl who was walking before him directly into the sun. She was coatless, and he could see the shadow of her legs through the light skirt. Dark hair tumbled around a white blouse that worked up in the back. She wasn't walking, she was strolling, and so, in spite of himself, he found himself catching up with her.

"Isn't it a lovely day Dr. McPherson?"

He looked down to see it was Mrs. Stevens, the secretary over in the Art Department, wife of a graduate student. It was somehow right that she wore no make-up, not even lipstick. Her pale long face was naked to the light and to the air.

"Beautiful," he said, and with a smile he tried to include her. She seemed to understand for, as he looked down at her, there was a slight shift to her walk and the slight smile on her face of a woman who knows she is noticed.

"I saw you walking to work this morning," she said. "I even followed you part of the way."

"Do you live up on the hill?" he asked a little startled. The hill people were mostly professionals of one kind or another.

"We took the Kendrick's garage apartment," she said. "We moved in during the rain that awful weekend two weeks ago."

"Well then, maybe you can walk with me this time," he said.

Then he glanced down at her high heels, very high heels they seemed to him, and regretted his words. She certainly wouldn't be able to negotiate the hill path.

"I'm afraid that's a little too much for me uphill," she said. "I was going to take the street car."

"I don't see how you came down in those heels," he said. She laughed easily.

"I gave up halfway down," she said. "Harken wanted me to model in heels for awhile, otherwise I'd never wear them. I guess I should have carried them, but I hate that 'hat-box' word bit."

"I thought you were a secretary over there," he said.

"I am," she said, "but they're using me for modeling now and then. It means a little extra money, and we can use it."

He vaguely remembered sketches in the last student art show of a girl with face and hair something like hers. He had the same earlier illusion that she and the other young women who were walking in the afternoon light were as clothesless as he was bodiless; a part of the sun and the light, like the pale pink of her mouth without make-up.

When they came to the corner, he automatically took her arm and helped her down the curb. She laughed at him.

"Heels don't make me that helpless," she said.

"Just being gallant for a moment," he said. "But now I'm going to be ungallant and leave you to your street car. Nice talking with you. Now that we're neighbors maybe we'll see more of one another."

She smiled and waved goodbye. Both of them knew that professors and graduate students, even though they were neighbors, were unlikely to have much social contact. He started on down the dead-end street that led to the short cut through the hills. He'd only gone a few steps when he heard the click of her heels behind him.

"Dr. McPherson," she called, "you're not taking the path that comes up behind the Kendrick house are you?"

"I thought I'd try it," he said. "It should be dry by now."

"Damn the heels," she said. "Harken told me about it but said I'd probably get lost if I tried it on my own."

"You'd probably get stuck," he said.

"Well, if it's too bad, I'll just go barefoot," she said. He glanced down and noticed that she wasn't wearing stockings.

"Come along then," he said and slowed down so she could walk beside him.

Before him lay the hills, the soft green haunting him in the way that the mid-

western hills of his boyhood could not. California was so dry that natural greenery was rare.

Only during the period of rain could spring exist, softening the raw structure of the countryside, momentarily making it sing. In desert places water and life are almost equivalent.

He did not try to keep up any conversation with the girl, and she respected his silence as they left the concrete and stepped onto the dirt path. Far ahead he could see another couple, the girl's skirt a bright spot of purple against the green, and smiled to himself. Back in the hills there would be many couples that day, and the next day there would be more than one suspicious case of poison oak turn up at the infirmary. "And many a green gown given," he murmured to himself.

The path was dry and hard, but it was also relatively steep. At the top of the first rise he paused for a moment to let the girl catch her breath. He looked down on the town and the campus and then noticed at the edge of the path a small clump of lupines half hidden in the green. He squatted down and very gently pushed the new stand of wild oats aside. The sunlight caught the violet, deeper than violet wand-like clusters of blossoms and aureoled them with light. He looked for a moment, then reached out his hand as if to break a few stalks of flowers from the clump. But as they stood there clustered around a pale green stem, they were too much a part of the day, and instead, he let his fingers brush along the delicacy of the blossoms.

Then with a sigh he stood. There was an odd smile on the girl's face, a smile he did not quite understand. Was it amusement or longing?

"I thought you were going to pick them," she said.

"They die," he said.

As they started down the path which was now slightly wider, she put out her hand. Her fingers were delicately cool against his as he helped her down over the brow of the hill.

The illusion that he had had of being part of all the life and the now shading green, a part of the young movement of the students, and the breath of air that moved the distant trees grew inside him. He was even grateful now that the girl had elected to come with him for he was even one with the couples who used the green hills as an excuse to wander off together. Yet even with her hand in his he had almost forgotten the girl, except as an idea, as they went up the last steep place. He was startled at her voice.

"You set a stiff pace, Professor," she said. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to give my silly feet a rest."

"I'm sorry," he said. "This path's a little hard on anyone's feet."

(Continued on page 62)





*"As you say, intelligent men and women should try to determine their compatibility before marriage, but every night for three months . . .?"*



marja t



# the matchmaker

Everybody talks about the freedom of Scandinavian morals, but Marja Petersen seems to be the only one who's actually doing something about it. Marja set up in business several years ago in Malmo, Sweden, on the theory that Swedish youth, accustomed to unlimited free play, might have trouble settling down. Petersen Personal Service, a busy set of offices behind an imposing front, is now one of the largest matrimonial agencies in the north of Europe.



















**MARJA'S CLIENTS  
ARE YOUNG PEOPLE  
BURDENED DOWN  
WITH AFFAIRS.....**

ican hard-drinker has an out: The third drink is free if he can get that far.

Another enormous difference between the atmosphere at Contrescarpe and that of a similar place in the United States is the attitude of management and audience toward the acts. In a place like Gerde's Folk City in New York, business goes merrily on throughout the evening, and a tender English ballad is likely to be punctuated by a cash register, several drunken conversations and the scurrying of waiters. At the Contrescarpe, no drinks are served while someone is performing, and even on a cold night customers have to wait outside until there is a break in the act.

The acts—sometimes ten of them in a night—are first-rate. A small blonde with one of those heartbreaking, penetrating voices that French genetics seem to put into small frames, leans against the wall and sings. Her name is Francesca Solleville. She is young, has made a couple of records and is probably just on the verge of making it in the incredibly lucrative world of the French chansonniers. The manner is familiar to any American record buff, but the content is somewhat unusual, as one might expect.

Big French music hall stars like Leo Ferre and Yves Montand are likely to sing lyrics composed by poets, living and dead, like Baudelaire or Louis Aragon. In America, it would be the equivalent of having Walt Whitman or W. H. Auden on the Hit Parade. Aragon is a well known Communist, a member of the Party Central Committee, and a sort of cultural commissar for the French intellectuals (he is an old friend of Picasso). Yet, the wealthy clientele arriving in Jags and Mercedes couldn't care less about his politics. They listen to his "Les Yeux d'Elsa," a very moving love song, and completely forget about the lyricist's enthusiasm for Stalin, Khrushchev and the rest of that lovable company.

The result is that French night club singing is often much more serious than anything found in the United States. Right after the War, for instance, there was a famous album of "Chansons Noires," completely made up of songs of bitterness and despair. It was quite a hit. When Francesca Solleville sings at the Contrescarpe, her words might be of love, or of a man condemned to death, or the thoughts of a prostitute as she methodically plies her trade.

The stand-up comics are quite different, too. General Charles de Gaulle has perhaps the most easily impersonated speaking style in the Western world, and there is hardly a cabaret without some kind of take-off on the French President. At the Contrescarpe recently, there was a marvelous discussion of the strip-tease deliv-

ered in ringing, and semi-Gaullist, tones. There are also some delightful exercises in Gallic lucidity: a butcher talks to a chicken in the best French Enlightenment way and explains why it is life and destiny which requires that the chicken accept its own death as part of the immutable order of things in this finest of all the possible universes.

The audiences are as mixed-up and cosmopolitan as the life of the Square. There is the sports car set, the folkies with their guitars, and young girls who could be American or French. The beat and folk styles tend to be international, and now the girls of Greenwich Village and North Beach have discovered eye makeup while those of St. Germain de Pres have found out about leotards. You need a program to tell them apart.

Across the street at Cinq Billiards, the drinks are much cheaper and a more traditional beat-bohemian life flourishes. This is the meeting place for the hotel folk who can't summon up the price of a cabaret drink, or who want to tie one on. The first time I walked in, four or five workers in traditional blue dress were loudly and enthusiastically buying a lot of happiness at the bar while an intent young man in a cape sat quietly reading at a table. The old town-gown tensions of the early days, when the clochards and Algerians expressed their doubts about folk music, seem to have vanished as have most of the Lost Generation writers.

Once the Place de la Contrescarpe became the strangest square in Paris, the local authorities followed a tradition hallowed by planning commissions the world over: they proposed to tear the Square down. And, as in the case of the embattled citizens of the West Village in New York or the opponents of a new road at Big Sur in California, the inhabitants formed a united front to save their home. The traditional petitions were circulated and a television show told the people of France about the battle. Technically, only a revered building like the Pantheon (a few blocks away) may be declared a monument. However, the Square is now ahead on points. Mel Howard and some of the people involved in the cabaret successfully instigated a law suit and at least slowed down the proposal. Still, the fight is on and any American who wants to revisit the scene of the Lost Generation and the headquarters of the New, and not so Lost, Generation, is advised to do so quickly.

There is still another incarnation possible for Contrescarpe: as an international center of off-beat theatre and television.

Mel Howard and Annette Reinerg were involved in the theatrical world of Paris from the very beginning. Once the cafe began to make some money, they launched

into an ambitious theatre program. Working at first in the tiny Theatre de Poche in Montparnasse (literally, The Pocket Theatre) and now at the Theatre de Lutece, they have already produced eight plays. One of them, the *Nouvelle Hironde*, is slated for New York production; and their most recent offering, *La Maison d'os* has been one of the critical successes of the season (the influential L'Express thought it one of the most interesting and challenging productions to be found anywhere in Paris).

If the hotel on the Place de la Contrescarpe is a sort of Salvation Army for odd-balls, the Square itself is practically a talent agency. In La Maison d'os, there is only one actor in the play who hasn't already worked at Contrescarpe. As a result, the Howard-Reinerg productions are, in effect, a group theatre based on this most ancient of all the squares in Paris.

Inevitably, the theatre success will be followed up by television. A company has been formed, and plans are well along for a production of the *Adventures of Don Quixote*. American, German, British and Japanese television networks have already indicated interest. This probably means that the Place de la Contrescarpe will soon take to the roads and begin transforming some square or another down in sunny Spain.

The flowers and the spilled wine and the bal musette of Hemingway are no more at Contrescarpe. There is a new life now, and it does not have the expatriate quality of the Lost Generation, but rather an ebullient, aggressive mood. Yet how long can it last? France is becoming an affluent society, complete with supermarkets and laundromats. As in America, the creative young often flee to the dilapidated and lovely squares, building their own community in the midst of the crass and booming city. But industrial progress has no respect for charm or tradition, and there may be a termination of all this before very long.

No one knows how long Contrescarpe will remain as it is now. Its very success might threaten its atmosphere, turning the Square into an utterly phony production number like some of the tourist squares of Montmartre. Yet, in all of its successive permutations—tiny village, tragic center of the Communards, Sunday afternoons of the Lost Generation, international center for the New Generation—the strangest square in Paris has found a way to survive and thrive.

Harry, dying under sight of Mount Kilimanjaro, thought of Contrescarpe as the best-loved and most beautiful square in Paris. In the years ahead, there will be others of this new generation with the same poignant memory. For now, it blends in a most curious way the warm charm of the ancient with the spirit and vitality of the new. □



**I** HANDED AN unopened pack of playing cards to two poker-playing cronies with the simple statement: "This is a marked deck. See if you can read them."

Like almost everyone else, they had heard of marked cards. The deck looked exactly like others they had bought innumerable times at the corner drug-store and, satisfied that outwardly the pack was no different from those others, they broke the government revenue stamp which sealed the pack and examined the glassine paper in which the cards were wrapped. There was no difference in this either, and they tore off the paper and scrutinized each card in the deck.

After a few minutes, they called for a magnifying glass. At the end of an hour they looked up.

"Wise guy, eh?" one of them said with a smirk. "We fell for it and you got yourself a great big laugh watching us. We'll risk our money on this deck any time."

"You will? Okay. One of you shuffle and the other deal."

Three hole cards and three open cards were dealt in a game of stud.

One had an eight showing. "I'll bet a white," he said.

"I'll string along," said the other, a six showing.

"On what?" I asked. "You with a ten in the hole and you with a lousy seven?"

"Well I'll be damned," one said, almost with awe.

"You probably will be because you're going to buy a four to your seven."

My friend turned the card up. It was a four.

They were among the countless thousands who like to play cards for small stakes. They knew their way around; but in the matter of marked cards they were innocent babes. They could not detect markings on a deck even after they were told the cards were marked. They had no idea of what to look for and where to look to discover the markings. Manufacturers of marked cards estimate that not one in a thousand players knows how to detect a crooked deck; and as a result, the sums lost by innocents in small-stake "friendly" games run into many millions of dollars a year.

Players who think they have an ex-

## MARKED CARDS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

The thriving industry  
that is known by few,  
encountered by many  
**BY HOWARD BOOTH**

traordinarily had run of luck may really have a bad streak, or they may not know how to play, or they may be among the suckers who are taken regularly with marked cards. In this article I shall not even consider high-stake gambling. I shall consider only the average player who likes an occasional game like poker, with a small betting limit. In such small games the estimated "take," where the sucker loses an average of \$10, runs to not less than \$5,000,000 a year. Some manufacturers and retailers of marked cards place the annual take at between \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

The user of marked cards does not have to be a professional gambler, nor does he have to practice hours every day to make his hands quicker than the eye. All he needs, besides larceny in his heart, is the knowledge of where to buy ready-to-use marked decks—which ordinarily means the address of the nearest "magic-supply" store. Any dope can walk in, plunk down two dollars or so and get a deck of marked cards and a mimeographed sheet of paper which gives him the key to the markings. Thereafter, when he sits in a "sociable" game, you're the dope; he can read your cards as easily as if they were turned face up. Marked decks can also be ordered by mail from any of the several big firms which manufacture crooked gambling paraphernalia—for amusement purposes only, of course. All that the government

cares about is the presence of a revenue stamp on the pack; there is no law against marked cards. The company that marks the cards reseals them with a new tax stamp when the work is done.

Some crooked decks are so imaginatively marked that even professional gamblers are taken by them. Arnold Rothstein, a notorious gambler of three decades ago, was shot and killed, so the story goes, when he welshed on a \$100,000 loss after discovering that the cards in the game were marked. The report was that marked cards were planted in the cigar stand of the hotel where the game was scheduled. A confederate of one of the gamblers in the game first bought every deck of cards at the stand. Before the owner could replenish his stock from his regular jobber, another confederate appeared in the role of a playing-card salesman. He carried a line of all popular-name brands, and offered them at ten cents a deck less than the owner had been paying. The innocent owner bought two dozen decks, which were delivered on the spot. To all outward appearances these cards were exactly like those he had sold for years. When the big-time gamblers gathered, they phoned for a bellboy to bring up a dozen decks, and the foresighted gentleman who had planted the cards cleaned out the house.

Unless the key is known, or a player knows where and what to look for, marked cards cannot be distinguished from honest ones even after the pack is opened. Stud, of course, is a setup for a marked deck; but with a little practice a gambler can read marked cards just as easily in draw poker, pinochle, gin rummy, bridge or almost any game. If you play for money and have been losing consistently to one or two players, it's possible you just don't know how to play; but it's also possible that you're being taken with marked cards, for an awful lot of them are sold every day.

There are many ways to mark cards. Ready-to-use "readers," as they are known in the trade, are the most common and the easiest for a cheat to work with, but a skilled gambler can mark your own honest cards during the course of a game with such graceful ease that neither you nor your friends can possibly catch him (Continued on next page)

at it. I shall mention in passing only two other kinds of markings commonly used by both professional and amateur gamblers when faced with "house" or honest cards: the Braille system and shading. For both, a little skill is needed. For "readers," no skill is needed.

Manufacturers of crooked gambling paraphernalia turn out an inexpensive, tiny little punch, like a thumbtack, which can be bought in almost any novelty store that sells "magic supplies." The crooked player attaches this tack to his forefinger with a small piece of adhesive tape, and every time he gets his hand on a card he presses the face in a predetermined spot, raising a tiny "blister" on the back, the location of which indicates the face value.

Such "blisters" are made in regular order for swift and easy reading—top left corner for the Ace, a little below for the King, etc. An entire deck can be marked in a few hands. Thereafter, each time the dishonest player deals, he feels the "blister" as a blind man feels the dots or points which represent letters in the Braille system, and knows precisely what cards he is dealing and to whom.

The same novelty stores sell a red or a blue thick, dry paste. When a crooked player goes to a small game where he knows the cards will be honest, he rubs this paste into a convenient spot, say, red on the hair behind the left ear and blue on the hair behind the right. Every time he is dealt a hand he scratches his head in a perfectly natural manner and rubs the coloring matter onto his thumb, which he then casually smears on the card to indicate the value of the face. In a few

hands the entire deck is marked with his shadings, which look to the unsophisticated player like ordinary smudges.

"Readers" are simpler for the crook, but more complicated for the manufacturer. Playing-card companies turn out approximately 65,000,000 decks annually for American consumption. There are four large firms in the business, and any of them will issue a special back design on order, but none will deviate from the familiar back designs for the general trade. The average player for money feels secure in the old familiar designs and will not accept new ones. This very sense of security makes it easier for the crooked player to use "readers" made of legitimate brand-name cards like Bicycle, Bee, Tally Ho, Blue Ribbon, etc. The honest player is so accustomed to the back design that, both optically and psychologically, he is less likely to detect variations which blend with the familiar surface.

Honest playing cards are manufactured almost as carefully as dollar bills. Engravings for the back design must be without a flaw, or else sharp-eyed players will detect it and learn the value of even one or two cards, giving them an edge on "friends" who are less keen.

Cards are printed in sheets containing from one to three complete decks. Individual cards are never cut from these sheets, but are stamped out to make sure all corners are properly rounded and no card juts out from the others even by a hair. The finished product is then carefully checked before it is wrapped, sealed and shipped. Some firms employ from fifty to a hundred girls at inspection tables only.

No large playing-card manufacturer ever prints marked decks. Aside from the moral and legal reasons, it just would not pay. The cost of engraving a die for marked cards, plus all other costs, would make the project unprofitable unless the manufacturer could sell about 600 gross—87,000 decks. To sell 87,000 decks the manufacturer would have to distribute 87,000 keys, one with each deck, so the buyer could read the code. So wide a distribution of one type of marking on one back design would make the key so well known the cards would be useless for dishonest purposes.

Sometimes a manufacturer does issue a deck specially engraved to make it a "reader," but the package is plainly marked "for tricks only" and the code is inside the sealed pack. I showed one of these trick decks to several alert players, and though the markings are crude they were unable to discover the key. They didn't know where to look, because they didn't know the principles of marking, which are the same on all crooked cards:

1. Markings must be identical at both the top and the bottom of each card, so they will always show at the top.

2. They must be part of, or blend with, the color and design on the back of the card.

3. They should be not more than about an inch from the top, so that they can be seen when dealing or when only a part of the card is exposed.

4. The key must be simple so cards can be read as quickly as dealt.

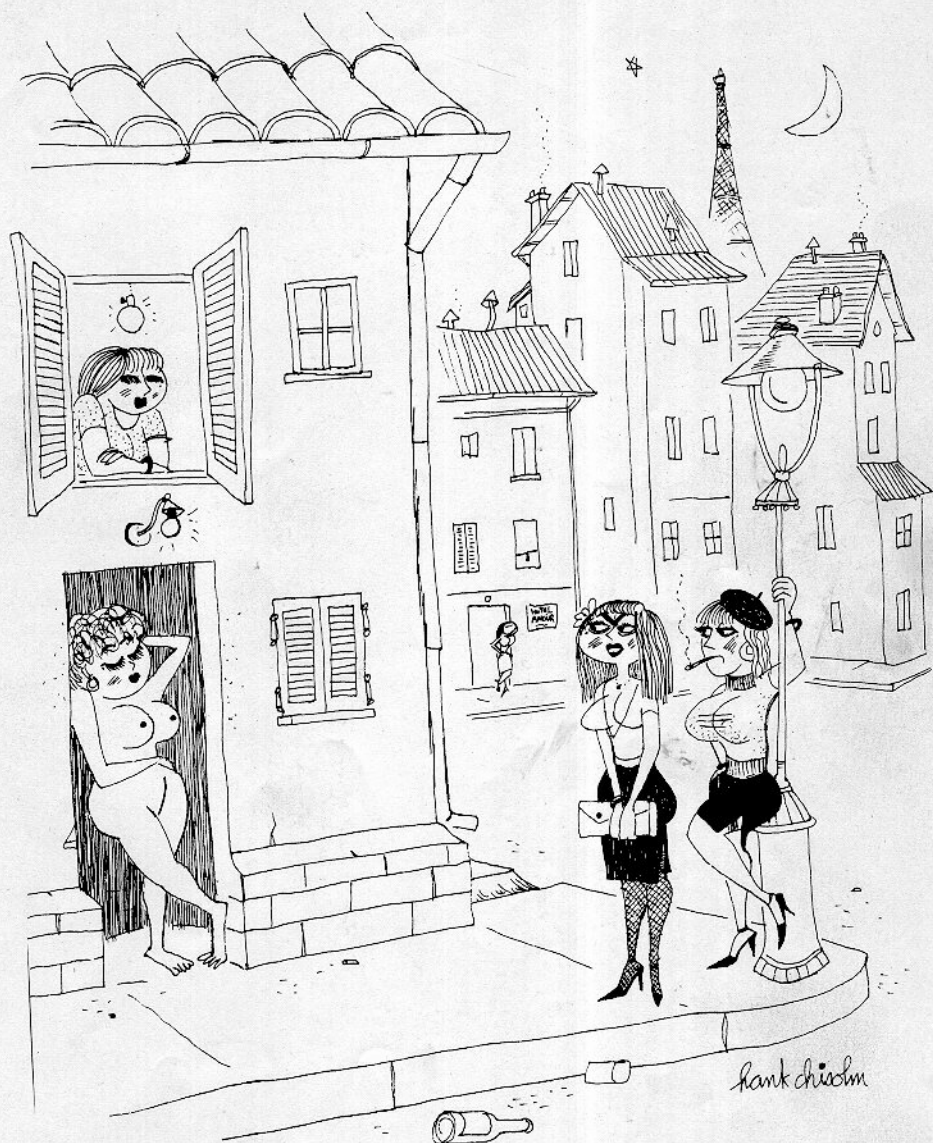
5. Markings should avoid a combination of shading and line work (it would complicate swift and easy reading for the average player, though gamblers have ordered decks with such combination markings).

With such simple principles and so small an area in which markings can be placed, it would seem that marked cards should be detected almost instantly, and this is where both optics and psychology play a part. The average player, familiar with the back design, just does not see the markings unless he knows the code or where and what to look for.

In the deck of "readers" issued by the large manufacturer, the back design is a series of squares. In each square is a diamond, and in the center of each diamond is a small dot. Since the diamond is formed by four separate lines to which the eye quickly becomes accustomed, there is nothing startling about a dot that suddenly turns into a line. To the eye the elongated dot is just part of the over-all back design.

The code to these markings is in the first four diamonds in the three top lines, reading from left to right. (Some secretly marked cards read from right to left and some from the top down.) The location of the diamond in which the dot becomes





*"One thing I can't stand is a hard sell."*



a line indicates the value of the face, and the angle of the line indicates the suit. Thus, if the dot becomes a line in the second diamond in the top row, the card is a King. If the dot-line is horizontal the suit is hearts.

Once the player knows the key he can tell instantly, when he sees an up-and-down dot-line in the second diamond in the top line, that the card is the King of Diamonds.

This deck is plainly advertised as a "reader," and with equal plainness marked "For magicians only," but there is nothing to prevent a dishonest player from removing the wrapper around the pack and the key card inside, and using this trick deck in a "sociable" game.

Just how many concerns and individuals mark and market ready-to-use "readers" is not known even to those in the business. There are several large firms in the Middle West which include marked cards in a long list of crooked gambling items ranging from loaded dice to phony roulette wheels. All these items, the reader understands, are sold for "magic" purposes only. These firms advertise their wares in magazines and send out catalogues which go through the mails. In addition to the leaders in the business, there is an undetermined number of smaller manufacturers in different parts of the country who confine themselves chiefly to marked cards.

Everybody, including the manufacturers of honest playing cards, is close-mouthed on the subject. "We don't know about the marked-card business," one of them said recently, "and we don't want to know." What information is available indicates that 100,000 marked decks are sold every year, producing up to \$20,000,000 in crooked gambling winnings for their owners.

Those in the marked-card industry can only guess as to the number of marked decks sold annually, but all agree that the minimum would be around 100,000. This is a fraction of one per cent of the 65,000,000 honest decks sold, but 100,000 decks a year mean approximately 2000 decks a week, with the odds 100 to 1 that they are not used to demonstrate magic. A little multiplication gives the staggering estimated take with this number of marked decks.

Those in the shadowy industry, basing their estimates on what they hear from purchasers of these decks, go on the assumption that no player invests \$2.98 in a marked deck to play penny ante. In the "friendly" games we are considering, the betting is small, perhaps a fifty-cent limit or even less, the sort of game played nightly in a great many American homes and clubs, on board Navy vessels and in Army camps.

In a six-handed game there are five

suckers and the guy who got the marked deck. Suppose a sucker loses \$10, a small enough sum in a poker game. If five players lose an average of \$10 each to a "lucky" player, that is \$50. When this picture is multiplied 2000 times for each deck sold every week, the "small" take jumps to \$100,000. And when this is multiplied by fifty-two weeks a year you find that suckers are separated from the sum of \$5,200,000. And several in the marked-card industry believe the annual take is closer to \$15,000,000.

One leader in the marked-card industry, with a shop not far from New York, makes and sells about 10,000 marked decks annually. These go to jobbers, "magic-supply" stores and to individuals who order enough to equal a small store's order. This manufacturer was the only one who did not hesitate to discuss his trade since, he explained amiably, he never knowingly sold a marked deck to anyone who planned to use it for gambling.

Marking a deck of cards takes about thirty minutes. The work is done under a large magnifying glass, with either a fine pen or a thin brush, applying a special indelible ink which penetrates the wax finish on the card. I watched one girl work and I was impressed with the care and skill that went into the marking; it is close to being an art. The line work and the shadings must be just right or the entire deck is spoiled. The marker must make sure that the coloring for shade work is uniform and neither too light nor too dark, and in line work (which includes blocking out some lines or parts of lines) the ink must be applied with great delicacy.

The different ways in which cards can be marked are almost endless. There was one card player who was familiar with the markings made on four popular brand-name cards. When he sat in a game he glanced at the back design of the familiar deck and, when he did not see markings he knew, he was convinced it was an honest deck. And that cost him a lot of money. He now knows each deck can be marked in several different ways.

Ready-to-use "readers" are marked in two ways: by shading and by line work. Let's take a look at shadings first.

These are of two kinds: dark and light. Dark shadings are preferred by the non-professional gambler for, though it is "dark" in the trade, actually it so blends with the color and design on the back of the card that it would take an expert to detect it. To the average player it is exactly the same color as the rest of the card. The professional gambler prefers "light" shading, for it is so delicately done that only an experienced eye can spot it instantly.

Suppose, after you have had a consistent run of bad luck in a number games, you

suspect the cards are marked but do not know how to prove it; so let's examine the cards methodically.

Let's assume the suspected deck has a daisy-shaped flower in the top center and two smaller daisy-shaped flowers on either side of it. Flower designs are naturals for marking. We know from the basic principles that we need confine our examination only to the area within an inch or so from the top. Let's take the Ace, King, Queen and lay them face down, side by side. Is there any shading on one of the petals of the large or smaller daisies which is just faintly darker than the other petals?

Do the many petals confuse you? Then let's start with the top petal of the center daisy. Does that seem to be so slightly darker than you think you just imagine it? Look at the next card, the King. Does the petal immediately to the right of the top one seem to be just a shade darker while the top one is now apparently the same shade as the rest of the card? Going clockwise, let's look at the Queen: are the top and second petals exactly like the rest of the card while the third seems ever so faintly darker?

If this is so, take the other Aces, Kings and Queens in the deck and examine them the same way. Is the top petal on all Aces a shade darker, and the second petal on all Kings? If so, the cards are marked. To get the value of the rest of the cards just proceed clockwise around the petals. The Deuce is rarely marked. When there is a card with no shading you know it is the Deuce—which is as good as having it shaded.

Suppose, however, the center daisy has eight petals and the smaller daisies on either side of it have six petals each. The chances are the marked-card manufacturer will shade the two small daisies. He needs twelve places to go from Ace to Trey. In the two flowers with six petals each he can shade the Ace, King, Queen, Jack and Ten in one, and the Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four and Trey in the other. If the suspected deck has an eight-petaled flower, the chances are the markings will be line work instead of shading and the searcher will have to look for this type of marking.

In line work there are almost innumerable variations. Let's consider the simplest kind of back, such as the diamond-shaped design on Bee cards. These appear to be almost markproof; in fact, the manufacturer is so proud of this "all-over back" design that he advertises it as "safest and best for Black Jack, Red Dog, Stud and all varieties of Poker." Yet marked-card manufacturers buy these cards and turn them into ready-to-use marked decks.

One way in which the design is marked is by enlarging the diamond needed to disclose the face by a hair, yet enough for

(Continued on page 53)



**ROBIN PALMER**

The new look in archery

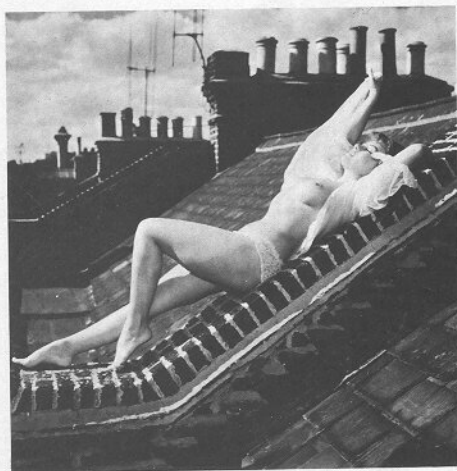




Robin Hood had nothing on her. Besides,



her score — 36-24-35 — beats his by miles.



Naturally, she scored a bulls-eye with us.





## Marked Cards (Continued from page 48)

one with knowledge of the key to spot it quickly, even across a table. Locations of markings vary. The most commonly used read from left to right across the top line and from the top line down to say, the Ten. If the top left diamond is enlarged, it is an Ace; if the one immediately below it is enlarged, it is a King, and so on to the Ten. To keep the markings within the essential top space the line work hardly ever goes below the Ten, for the values would then be too difficult to read swiftly. The Nine, therefore, starts in the top line to the right of the Ace. Reading from left to right, the second diamond in the top line would be the Nine, the third, the Eight, and so on to the Trey.

Another way in which the marked-card industry has overcome the "safest" back design and which is equally popular in the ready-to-use marked cards, is the *lining* of the small white diamonds created by the diagonal crossed lines which form the large diamonds. The little diamonds are so delicately lined as to be imperceptible to the average player yet clear as the face of the Ace of Spades to one who knows the key. Here, too, the most commonly used code is: if the first white diamond at the top has a faintly heavier line, it is an Ace; the second a King and so on down to the Ten and then across the top to the Trey.

The legitimate and popular Bicycle cards lend themselves especially to the work of the marked-card manufacturers because the back design has so many lines. A man might know two or three different ways in which this design is marked and, not perceiving them, assume the deck is honest. The most common marking is in the twelve ribs of the fan which is the background to the bicycle. Each rib, which looks like a series of lines, is actually a series of tiny little dots which create the impression of being lines.

Under a magnifying glass the marker goes over these tiny dots with a fine brush in a line stroke. This gives the seeming straight line a slightly darker appearance; or, instead of going over the lines, the marker simply spreads the brush lightly over a rib to darken it faintly. Again, reading from left to right: if the first rib is darker than the others, it is the Ace; the second rib, the King, and so on to the twelfth rib which is the Trey. The Eight goes through the handle bars of the bicycle. By using this as a guide the dishonest player reads the markings even more quickly.

The crudest of them all gives the bicycle extra bars. One would expect that so obvious a variation would be noticed by all except the dumbest sucker—but I have handed this type of marked deck to alert players and challenged them to find the markings. They couldn't.

Among the other common markings of legitimate-brand cards are these:

**Tally Ho:** The flower near the top of the card is the key. The two upper petals are separated a little from each other on the Ace (this is a form of line work known in the trade as blocking). The King is the next space, the Queen the next, and so on to the Seven. The Six is represented by clipping off the top two petals, the Five by the two right-hand petals, the Four by the bottom and the Trey by the left.

**Tally Ho:** Running down the side of the card are several white half moons, which can be partially blocked out to give the effect of a straight white line. Starting at top left and running down, they read Ace, King, etc.

**Bicycle:** In the upper left-hand corner there is an eight-petaled flower. Block-out work on these petals indicates the value of the card. If the top petal appears as a thin line, it is an Ace. The petal to the right is the King, etc., to the Seven. Six, Five, Four and Three are shown by line work to make the petals at top, right, bottom and left appear round.

**Bicycle:** About a quarter of an inch from the top of the fan is a design resembling a series of number threes lying down. One of these is made heavier and its location indicates the value. The cards, reading from left to right, are: Ace, King, Queen, etc.

**Bicycle:** In the upper left corner above the angel there is a scroll sign. Block-out work on that design indicates the value. It is best to take the cards in numerical rotation reading Ace, King, Queen, etc., and note how this block is coded. It runs in systematic order.

**Bee:** One of the diamonds is lengthened and all markings are in the top line. Location indicates value. Reading the top line from left to right, the values are Ace to Nine; from right to left the values are Eight to Three.

**Bee:** One of the small white diamonds is split and all markings are in the top line. Location indicates value. Reading from left to right the values are Ace to Nine; from right to left, Eight to Trey.

**Aviator:** The back design is bordered with sets of small white circles joined to each other by a small white line. The value of the card is indicated by block-out work which separates these circles from each other. Location of this block-out work indicates the value of the card. Running along the top from left to right the first set of circles carries the Ace to the Jack. The second contains the Ten to the Seven. The third goes from Six to Three.

These are just a few out of hundreds, and a deck may well be crooked even though it shows none of these markings. Probably the best course for the average man of normal-gambling instincts is that outlined by a leader in the marked-card industry itself: "If you play cards for money, never play with strangers. If you play with people you know and one is a constant winner and you suspect something, take a deck home and examine it carefully."

"Never accuse anyone of having a marked deck unless you can read the cards from the back yourself—and even then, be sure you know who bought the deck and how it got into the game."

"But, most important, examine the deck; know what you're playing with if you don't want to be clipped."

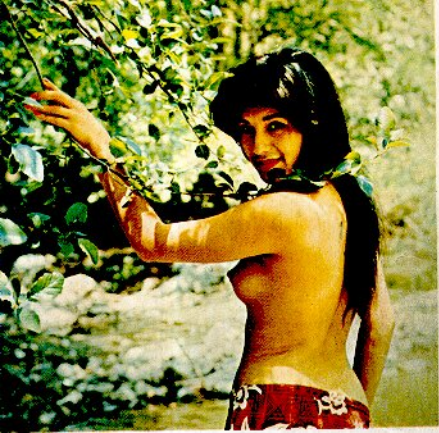
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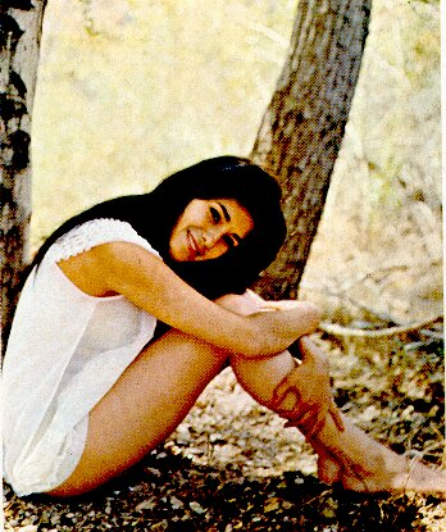






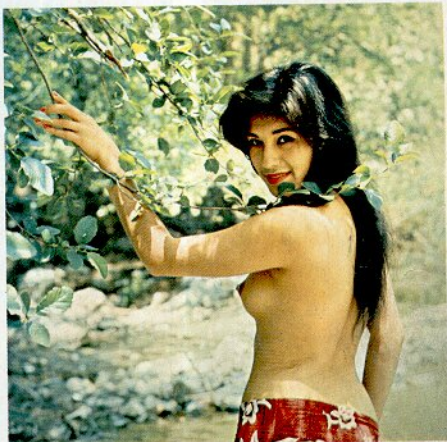
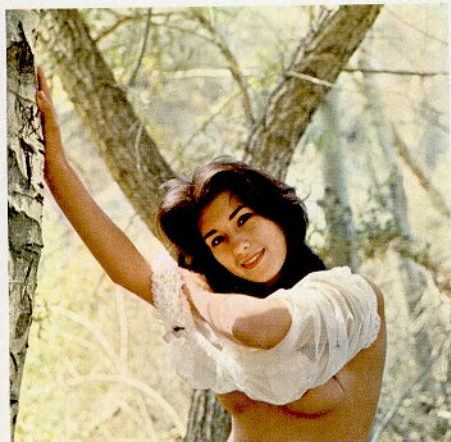




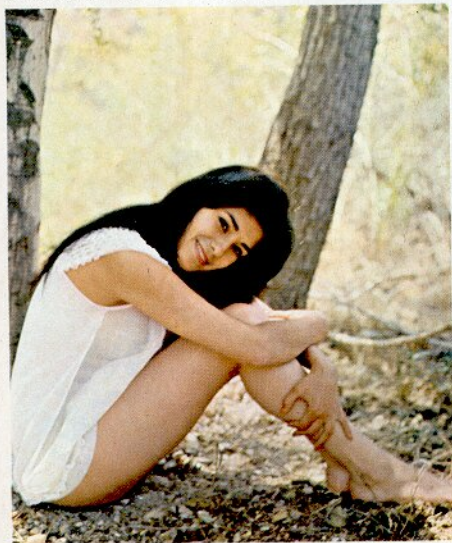


# MARIA FROM MEXICO

MARIA GARCIA HAS COME UP FROM BELOW THE BORDER TO STUDY DRAMA.



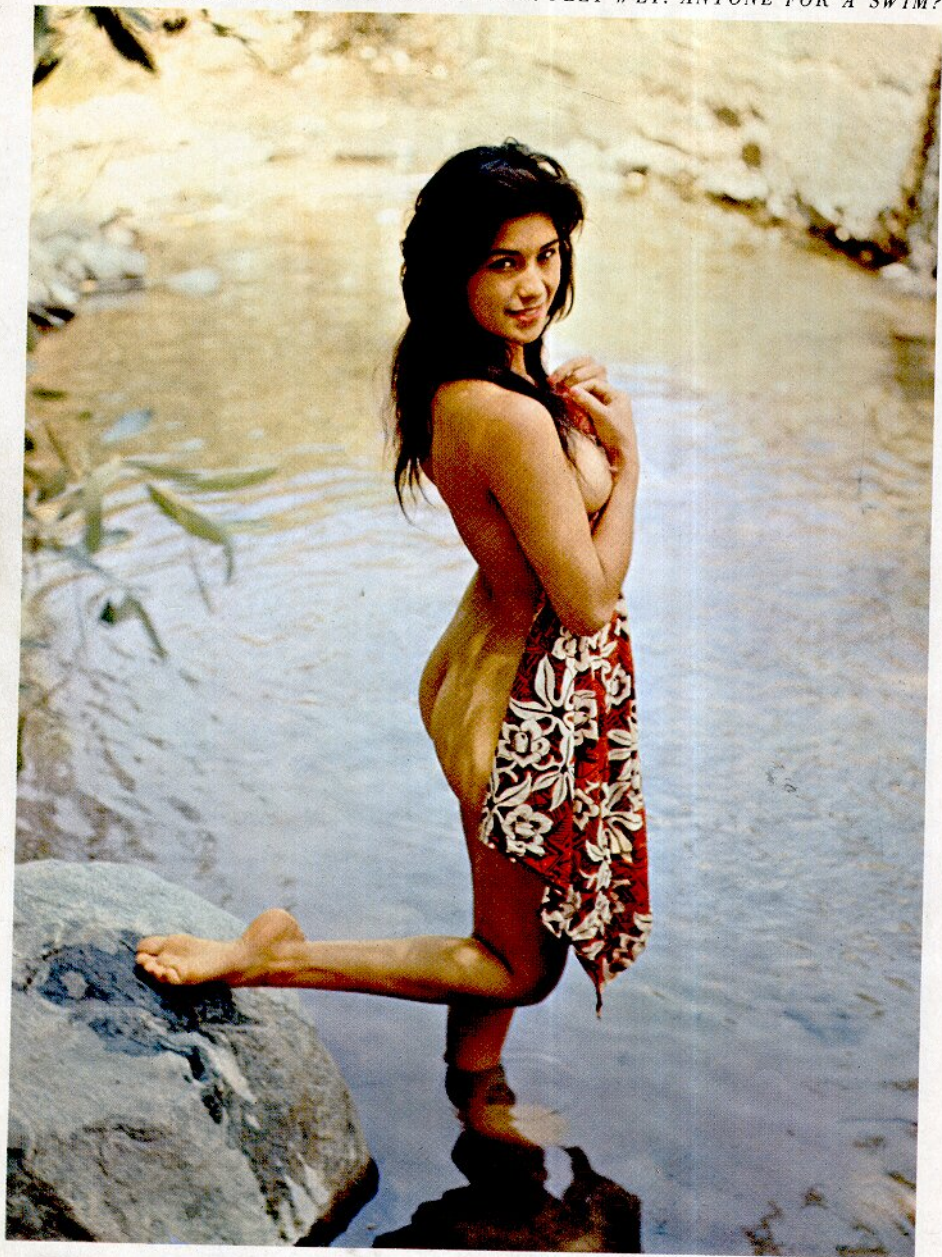
ENGLISH AND HANDSOME NORTE AMERICANOS. SHE'S A PRETTY 35-23-34.



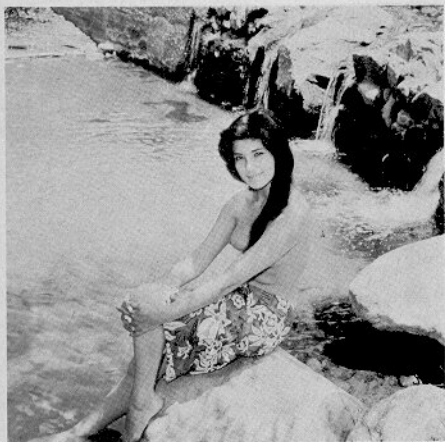




AS YOU CAN SEE, MARIA LOVES TO GET HER FEET WET. ANYONE FOR A SWIM?



*BEFORE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD, MARIA WAS A LEGAL SECRETARY IN MEXICO*



*CITY. SHE'S NOW DATING MANY OF FILMLAND'S ELIGIBLE BACHELORS.*







*"Gosh, this room sure brings back memories. The night of my first date . . . the night of my first prom . . . the night of my graduation dance . . . the night. . ."*

**A** WHILE BACK, wishing to know the correct way to decline an invitation to a heat-n'-serve TV-Dinner party, I stopped in at my stationer's and scanned his stock of paperbacks for a self-help manual that might give me the answer. I found not one but three handbooks whose covers proclaimed them to contain examples of letters for every social, personal and business occasion. Prodded by the peremptory NO BROWSING sign above the rack, I purchased forthwith one copy of *The Complete Letter Writer*, compiled by N. H. and S. K. Mager, for thirty-five cents; one copy of *The Bantam Book of Correct Letter Writing* ("an abridgment based on Lillian Eichler Watson's world-famous *Standard Book of Letter Writing*"), for fifty cents; and one of Grosset & Dunlap's quarto-sized *How to Write Better Letters*, by Marcel M. Swartz, for one dollar, and took them all home to consult in depth.

None of the three guides, I found, contained precisely the model letter I sought, but by an adroit adaptation and combination of lines proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Mager ("Miss Nevins and I are so sorry that we cannot dine with you on Wednesday, the seventh of April. Unfortunately, we already have an engagement that evening"), by Mrs. Watson ("We would love to come to your supper on Sunday, the twelfth, and meet the Bartons. But that's the night Walter's brother is arriving from England, and he is expect-

ing us to meet him at the airport and drive him home") and by Mr. Swartz ("Your invitation to dinner came just after I had accepted an invitation to dine with Ethel and Clarence Daniels. If you didn't live so far apart, I might dine at both places!"), I was able to synthesize an appropriate letter of regret that rang with sincerity.

Even if the three books had served no further purpose, I would have felt my investment amply recompensed. You may imagine my joy, then, when I found them to contain a fascinating bonus: tucked in among their sample letters on practical, prosaic, and downright irksome matters (Asking for a Loan, Refusing a Loan, Collecting a Loan, Apologies and Regrets for Damages by Animals, Complaint to Neighbors, etc.), I discovered<sup>TM</sup> a treasure-trove of example and instruction in the art of writing that most impractical, unruly, and potentially enchanting of all prose forms, the love letter.

I hasten to say that I am not now, and have never been, in need of assistance in composing such communications, and I like to think that more than a few completed packets of them still lie bound in ribbons at the bottom of various lingerie drawers, whence they are taken out from time to time and pored over with bitter-sweet regret. Be that as it may, I welcomed the aforementioned instructions not as a potential consumer, but as an avid observer of contemporary mores, particularly

*A swain's guide to love-letter writing . . .*

those having to do with congress between the sexes. Assiduous as my researches in this ever-engrossing field have been, I had not previously come across a more telling gauge of the main currents in American romance than these workaday handbooks proved to provide.

The very presence of the model love letters in the manuals, all three of which have merited several printings, indicates that a widespread need is felt among present-day lovers for the sort of assistance that Cyrano de Bergerac gave Christian de Neuvillette in his courtship of the fair Roxanne—a need that, in our era of enforced literacy, I would not have dreamed existed. It is equally evident that our anthologists have a thorough knowledge of the chief amatory aims of the multitudes, and of the forms of expression that a majority of lovers will find most pleasing to exchange. They do not identify the authors of their exemplary *billets doux*, probably because doing so would constitute a breach of confidence or an invasion of privacy. But ostensibly all of the specimens have been, as Mr. and Mrs. Mager say of their selection of business ones, “tried and tested” in actual use. And it is one measure of their universality that various model letters and lines in each of the three books, derived as they must be from diverse samplings of amorous correspondence at the grass roots, often strike virtually identical chords.

Thus, in the first of Mr. and Mrs. Mager's examples, an unnamed female begins the second of her several paragraphs to “Dearest Joe” with: “Have I told you that I love you, recently?” You might think that a logical and comforting follow-through would be, “Well, I do,” but the Magers do not suggest it. Instead, they let the writer go on to say, “You're in my thoughts every minute of the day, in my dreams every hour of the night. Yesterday at the office

when I was taking dictation I almost wrote the words ‘I love you, Joe’ right in the middle of a business letter. Luckily, Mr. Forbes didn't notice my embarrassment!” If her luck holds out, Joe won't notice that, as often as she seems on the verge of it, not once in her letter does she come right out with the direct statement, “I love you, Joe.” She almost wrote the words right in the middle of a business letter yesterday, she says, but obviously that letter wasn't addressed to Joe, and it was for the signature of Mr. Forbes, which leads us into a tangle of indirection that only a skilled psychoanalyst might unravel.

Toward the end of their chapter on love letters, under the subhead *What to Say* in a roundup of *Helpful Thoughts*, the Magers propose a similarly evasive verbalization for male use, in the form of the multiple-choice question: “Have I told you recently I think you're wonderful (you're the most beautiful girl in the world) (you're lovely) (you're swell)?” Again, they do not suggest setting the recipient's mind to rest by adding, “Well, I think you are (whichever).”

In the first of Mrs. Watson's specimen letters, the convention is carried through to the point of ultimate ambiguity when a lady named Lou asks Tom, “Did anyone ever tell you that you're a pretty great person?” and, in the customary way, adds no word of assurance on the point, not even a “Well, let me be the first . . .”

And in the first of Mr. Swartz's examples, we find an unnamed young man asking, “Have I told you recently how beautiful you are? Have I mentioned your gentle disposition, your great intelligence, your breath-taking figure? I must remember to tell you about them.” Coming on top of his confession of forgetfulness, the resolution has a hollow ring. Why doesn't he up and tell her right now? you may ask. Evidently it

just isn't done in conjunction with the popular “Have I told you—?” construction.

Judging by the prevalence of these circumlocutory devices in the manuals, many American sweethearts shy away from affirming their love and admiration for one another in direct statements, deeming it more genteel to hint at their feelings by means of rhetorical questions. They apparently consider it quite all right to ask their correspondents to love *them*, though. Mrs. Watson, after laying down the precept that what is said in a love letter “must come from the heart, spontaneously,” shows us how the same imperative, with only one slight change of emphasis, occurs spontaneously at the close of letters from Lou to Tom (“Don't ever stop loving me!”), from Kate to Fred (“Don't ever stop loving me!”) and from Tom to Sally (“Don't ever stop loving me!”).

When positive affirmations of love do appear, they are sometimes accompanied by internal evidence that they have been coaxed from the writer by the addressee, as in this passage from Mrs. Watson's sole example of a letter alluding to a lovers' spat:

“Of course I love you, Fred! And not ‘just a little.’ I love you *deeply*, and with all my heart. I'm sure you must know that, dear. I was miserable after our quarrel, and I've been longing all week to see you and straighten things out.”

The Magers present a rather complex example of the coaxing process itself, in an unsigned letter addressed to a—presumably—different Fred, which closes with the plea, “So in your next wonderful letter, squeeze in among those three little words I love so well what you think of Uncle Dave's idea.” Uncle Dave's idea is one of the meet-the-whole-family sort which has as ominously high an incidence in the correspondence guides as in real life, and he proposes to realize it by having Fred



come to "one all-inclusive family dinner at his house, which is the biggest." How Fred is expected to interweave his reaction to Uncle Dave's proposal with the words "I love you" is not divulged, but if there is an ounce of nonconformity in him, he might accomplish it with "I think Uncle Dave's idea is the squarest, love; you are all-inclusive enough for me."

In their stock of *Helpful Thoughts*, Mr. and Mrs. Mager do offer several forthright avowals, evidently to be supplied on demand, among them a promissory "I love you (forever) (and always will)"; a vaunting "No man has ever loved a woman more than I love you"; and a compulsive "I cannot stop loving you." But they list these below the *What to Say* sentences, in a subordinate category headed *And of course*. It will probably be clear to most of their readers that the alternative clauses in parentheses are not *all* to be used in a given sentence, a procedure which would result in such redundancies as "I love you forever and always will." In the case of an omnibus offering of the sort included in the *And of course* section, the use of even a few of the optional clauses would result in a catalog of virtues excelling the Scout's Oath in scope: "I love you because you are so beautiful (fascinating) (lovely) (sweet) (modest) (affectionate) (warm) (good-hearted) (generous) (courageous) (charming) (captivating) (intelligent) (have such good judgment) (energetic) (nice-mannered) (good-natured)." On the other hand, the swain who can't find more than one or two adjectives in this inventory that he can conscientiously apply would probably do better to strike out on his own from the beginning, "I love you in spite of—."

The Magers, who are alone among our counsellors in the posing of multiple-choice sentiments, place another one high on their check-list of *What to Say*: "I've

been practicing calling (you) (myself) Mrs. Cortland." To one unfamiliar with popular usage in amorous correspondence, the sentence may present an enigma. Supposing you are a male with a name other than Cortland, writing to a female who is not so named either; under what circumstances would you want to tell her that you were practicing calling (her) (yourself) Mrs. Cortland? In preparation for one or both of you assuming false identities in order to carry out a confidence game? Or supposing you are a person of either sex named Cortland; might the line then refer to your rehearsing for a dual attendance at a fancy-dress ball in transvestite garb—the husband as Mrs. Cortland, the wife as Mr.? The solution is simpler than either of those wild guesses, but I wouldn't have hit on it readily if I hadn't had another of the manuals on hand for cross-reference. Mr. Swartz gives the clue in the salutation and opening paragraph of an unsigned letter from an engaged girl:

"Dear Mr. Montgomery,

"Dear Monty,

"Dear Jim,

"Dearest,

"I think I like the last one best, but I wrote the first one just to get used to the idea that I'll soon be *Mrs. Montgomery*. Jiminy, I'm nervous. You mean when people say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Montgomery,' that means me? Or do I look around and see if they're talking to someone else?"

In the light of this example, it is clear that the "Mrs. Cortland" enigma is a telegraphic version of the same thought, with a two-way stretch—the "(you)" to be used if the writer is male, the "(myself)" if female, and the "Cortland" to be replaced by the writer's (or addressee's) last name.

Mrs. Watson, perhaps considering the locution too familiar—or potentially puzzling—to warrant

inclusion, offers no variant of it, but her sampler so abounds in other intimations of impending matrimony that no reader is likely to notice the omission. Indeed, if I have a criticism to make of the series of romantic correspondence in each of the three handbooks, it is that they carry their writers so swiftly and inexorably to the altar, allowing scarcely a moment to any of them for dawdling, balking, comparison shopping, or other means of prolonging the incomparable pleasures of singleness.

At any rate, if such hitches do occur among our model lovers, they are not recorded. Each collection appears to give us only one example of the work of any one hand (it is unlikely, in view of the propriety of the surroundings, that any several of the unsigned letters, addressed to various Darlings and Dearests, are the work of a single philanderer or flirt), and does not show us what response it elicited. Hence we are not able to follow any one romance from first overtures, through obstacles and setbacks, to consummation or renunciation. But in place of narrative continuity worked out through individual characters, we have a collective progression carried on by a constantly changing cast, giving each of the chapters, and all three of them together, a panoramic sweep that would be lacking in a two-person sequence.

Thus in *The Complete Letter Writer* we find an anonymous suitor begging "Marge, sweetheart" to "Please write and say you forgive me" for a quarrel that "was all my fault," and concluding that "without your love I am a man without life." We are not told whether Marge, sweetheart, grants her petitioner full amnesty or a commutation of sentence conditional on his maintenance of an even temper, or condemns him to lifelessness. But we do know, from *The Bantam Book of Correct Let-*

(Continued on page 66)

"Someone ought to provide benches for girls in high heels," she said. He glanced around. The ground was uneven beside the path, but just behind a stand of gray sage brush that showed tiny points of bloom there was a relatively flat stretch of grass.

"Come on, I see a place," he said. "There isn't a bench, but I do have a trench coat."

She stood still a moment and then nodded.

He stepped down off the path, took her by the waist, and swung her over the rough

area. When he got to the spot that he had thought would make a good resting place, she paused.

"Look," she said pointing further on, "there are more of those flowers." With two short kicks off went one shoe and then the other, and he found himself lengthening his stride to follow her to a place where the lupines were thick. Not many were in bloom, but later they would be there by the hundreds.

"This is the place," she said. She looked back toward the path and then at him.

He spread out his coat on the deep grass, and she sank gratefully down. He started to squat down on his heels, but she patted the coat beside her, smiling again.

For a moment they sat there. Then he got up, walked over to a clump of lupines, and again brushed the flowers with his fingertips. He smiled down at her. Then with a quick flicker of something like pain on her face, she lay back and closed her eyes from the sun that slanted in over the afternoon fog bank. Like the lupine, her pale face caught the light.

He knelt down beside her again, facing her, and very gently reached out and traced the lines of her pale mouth with his fingertips. Conscious now of the flowing lines of her body as one is conscious of the grace of a tree or the purity of a musical phrase, he let his hand go to her throat and down over the soft line of her body.

Abruptly she sat up.

"I really didn't..." he started to protest but stopped as she reached behind her with the gesture he knew so well, and her fingers moved down the line of buttons on her blouse. While she was doing this she looked directly into his eyes. Then she leaned back on his trench coat on the grass and watched him with veiled eyes. He sat utterly still for a moment feeling the breeze against his cheek, wanting to glance behind him to see if they were completely out of sight from the path. He felt as if he were watching himself as he took one more step into the life around him. He was momentarily conscious of an absurd pretense. Yet it was for only a moment. The green of the oats was deepening in the evening light. Even the gray sage brush came alive.

Whether it was his imagination or that the light had moved, the softness of her half revealed under the loosened bra seemed surrounded by light. One pale blue vein in her breast caught his eye and he traced it with a finger, touched her lips and traced the vein again. Then he paused deep in the stillness of the evening.

He was conscious of a vein now throbbing in the hollow of her throat, of the gleam of her teeth behind the pale parted lips. A small stone was digging hard into his knee; he moved slightly and she shifted, watching him. All of the meaning of the day seemed to be focused in her eyes

and for the first time he was really conscious of the female curve of hip and leg. Very gently he leaned forward and made his hand move up the curve of her body, firmer now, until, after the softness, he felt the ridge of her rib-cage under his hand. Suddenly he knew the thrust of tension in his loins and knew the next move required commitment to take her breast firmly in his hand and feel the hardness of the nipple against the palm. Next was the move of mouth hard against mouth.

He existed in this tension for some seconds and forced himself to lean down lightly and only brush his lips against hers. Pulling himself away from the breathing animal, he felt the tension of his loins relax. He was surprised how easily it was accomplished. Then, smiling he reached out to trace again the sweet blue vein. But the light had changed and she had shifted into shadow; his hand stopped in mid-air.

At this, she was suddenly on her feet, hooking her bra and buttoning the blouse. She looked down at him and said, "A woman is not a flower, Professor."

Holding her shoes in her hand, she walked back to the path and strode along it. Harry McPherson picked up his coat and hurried along after her. After about a minute she stopped.

"I think I see our place," she said. "It's that little green house over there isn't it, behind the brown modern one?"

"That's right," he said.

When they came to the place where the path cut off toward his home, he didn't know exactly what to say. He stopped and he could think of nothing better than, "I turn off here."

She simply smiled, dismissed him with a casual wave and walked on.

His direction was straight into the sun, and for the first time he realized he was tired and the back of his legs ached. The thread of a path ended on his property, and he walked in the back door. It was walking into darkness. It was cool. There was a faint smell of baking.

"Ellen," he called.

"Yes Mac, I'm in the kitchen."

The kitchen was warm. Ellen was standing by the sink, her hair slightly disarrayed, holding a dish cloth on her finger.

"I just burned my fool self," she said. "And you know those dumb kids; every one of them's taken off for the evening, and I've got a big beautiful cake all baked."

McPherson thought of playing baseball with David and that, too, faded away.

"You're early," his wife said.

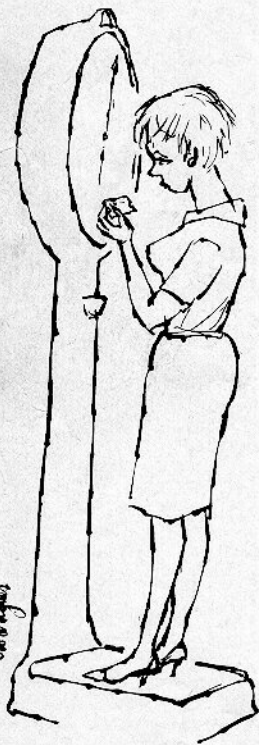
"I took the hill path."

"I'll bet that was nice," she said.

"Yes," he said.

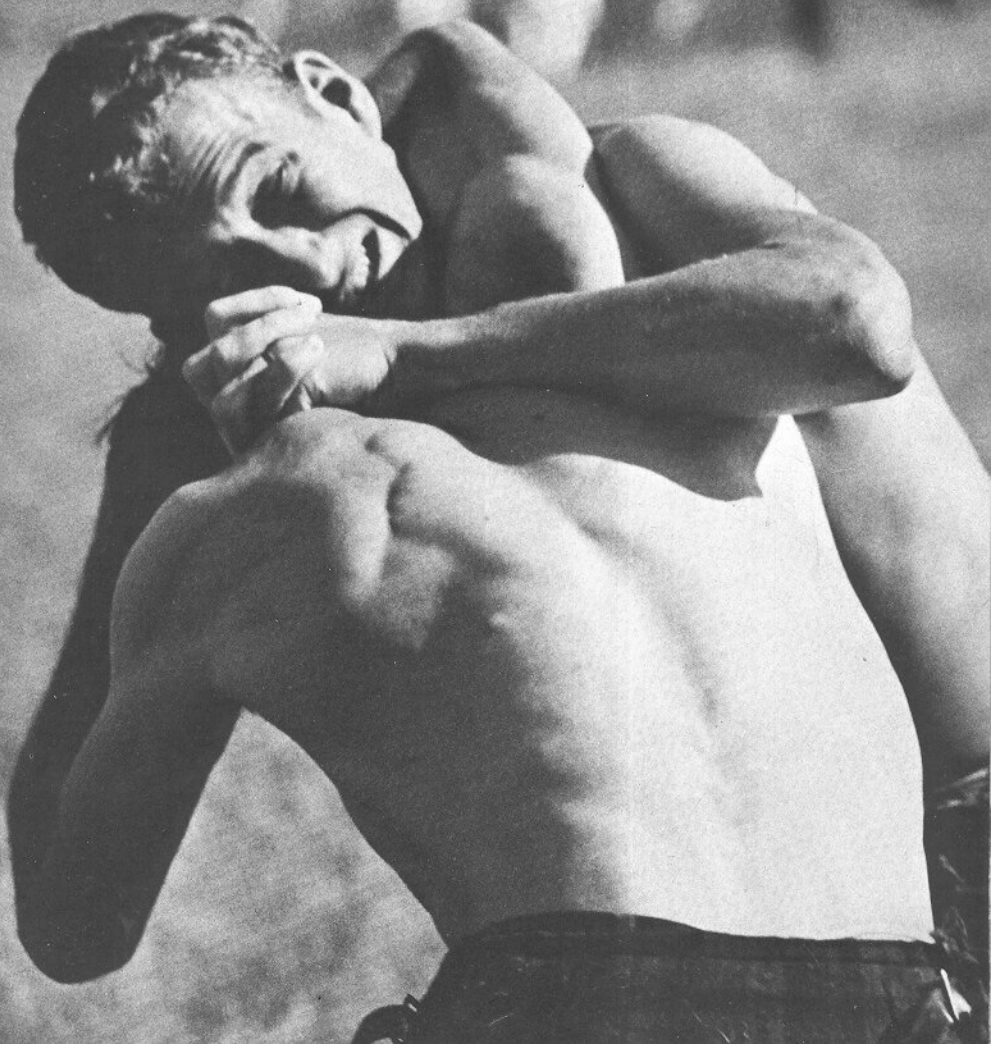
He walked over to her and gave her a brisk domestic kiss and gripped her very solid arm.

"The lupines are out," he said.



"You will have  
an illegitimate child."

# *Grunts & Groans*





# of "Wee Geordie"

At Scotland's Highland Games, wrestling is a field event. Object: to throw and pin your kilted, nae-so-wee opponent.



BRUCE ROBERTS





ter Writing, that Kate finds that "It's easy to say I forgive you" to Fred, and can add humbly, "The fault was as much mine as yours. Sometimes I'm too quick to take offense where none was intended. Dad's always telling me I'm too sensitive, only he calls it 'thin-skinned'!" He says it's a trait I must learn to control or I'll never be happy. I guess he's right..." We know, from the same source, that Darling Ruth is engaged to the anonymous author of such impassioned lines as "I love you to distraction, my precious fiancée," and such confidence-inspiring ones as "This coming week is going to be pretty tough, since we've come to the trickiest part of the whole construction job. I'm sure I'll be able to do my part and make you proud of me, dearest." We know, from *How to Write Better Letters*, that the prospective Mrs. Montgomery is telling (Mr. Montgomery) (Monty) (Jim) (Dearest) that "Mother showed me how to make pancakes this morning, and tomorrow we take up the subject of eggs, preferably in omelet form. Sure you don't prefer them scrambled?"

The experiences and emotions described by the two model-letter-writing husbands are so similar that, by extension, they may be assumed to be common to married men throughout the land; and their phraseology is in such accord that evidently it could, with the alteration of a trifling detail or two, set a standard for just about any husband-wife communication contemplated.

"My own dear girl," Husband A begins in the Magers' all-purpose example, entitled *To your wife*.

"Only six more towns to visit, darling, and I will be on my way home. However, it will seem a dozen years before I get through them. I just can't wait to be back with you and Betty."

"Dearest," Husband B starts off in Mrs. Watson's sole spousely example.

"Only a few more days, and I'll be home. I'm counting the hours, my sweet, and I hope they fly. Every hour is an eternity when I'm away from you..."

"I visited the Petersons yesterday," Husband A carries on. "You remember Johnny Peterson—we had him for dinner when he was in Janesville last year. He signed a new three-year contract, which makes the trip a bang-up success..."

"This has been a very successful trip, darling," echoes Husband B. "I signed up more than fifty new dealers in the Chicago area alone. Peterson is going to be very pleased when he sees my report."

"You'll be delighted with a little gift I picked up at Marshall Field's yesterday," goes Husband A's penultimate paragraph. "I know how you love surprises, so I won't even give you a hint as to what it is."

"I bought you something very nice in Chicago, but I'm not going to tell you

what it is," runs a parallel line of Husband B's, but his next one produces the switch: "I'll give you a hint, though. It's something to wear, and it's something you have wanted for a long time..."

Though the example which the Magers enter under *To your husband* is the only full-scale model of a wifely letter offered in the three manuals, these compilers are such sticklers for the tried and tested that we may be sure it is broadly applicable, from its opening "Tom dear; You are the most wonderful husband in the world!" to its closing "Dream of me as I will of you, and wake up in the morning with the happy thought that we are one day closer to seeing each other again," and right through the third of its five paragraphs:

"Everything here is fine. The new television set arrived, and it works perfectly. Bob helped me put it near the sofa, where you wanted it. You were absolutely right—the screen is visible from every part of the room. My, what a smart husband I have! Bob looks wonderful, thanks to your sister's cooking. Marriage has really made a new-man of him."

The inclusion of so specific a passage in a form letter intended for the adoption of myriads of wives may trouble your mind with a vision of hundreds of thousands of new television sets arriving simultaneously in as many households the country over, and of hundreds of thousands of Bobs, renovated and made wonderful-looking by their own wives' cooking, helping to put the sets near the sofas. I know the vision troubles my mind, and I don't think it's fantasy—I think that's what's really happening all over. That's where those main currents in American romance are carrying a vast plurality of our young men and women.

Though it is obviously not the intent of our Mr. Swartz to provide a ready-made line of persiflage for rovers, three of his four sample letters—two *To a young lady* and one *To a young man*—have more in them than the other two collection's combined of that heedless ardor, that abandon akin to dementia, that for many of us distinguishes the genuine love letter from the dutiful domestic report. Consider how well the first of his models, in the second of its four paragraphs, describes a common delusional symptom of the love-crazed male:

"Last night I was downtown and saw you everywhere. One girl had your shoulders, another your hair, another a musical laugh so much like yours that it startled me. I brought home a magazine to read, but it was full of pictures of you."

The writer of the second specimen is still farther gone, presenting a typical syndrome of sleep disturbances, disorientation, regression to the oral stage, and benign monomania:

"Last night I dreamt of you. You were

talking with me in the moonlight at the lake. Suddenly you laughed, so clearly and melodiously that I awoke. I lay in the darkness, laughing silently with you until sleep came."

"You are making me do queer things. I took a long walk this morning and suddenly looked in a store mirror on the way back. I had no tie! At lunch, the waitress asked me three times what I wanted for dessert. (I wanted you, but I took apple pie.) On the subway, I gave my seat to a lady. I think the fruitman short-changed me, but I don't care."

"I don't care about anything or anybody but you. I feel cast adrift on a raft in the midst of the ocean with you. Only the raft is a big one with all the comforts of life."

When he comes to his two model epistles *To a young man*, Mr. Swartz notes marginally that "letters written by young ladies tend to be a bit more reserved than those written by the men with whom they are in love." One of his paragons, the prospective Mrs. Montgomery, docilely follows this precept, but the other, an impetuous miss whose name is withheld, seems bent on making a monkey out of her sponsor: "Ollie, dear,

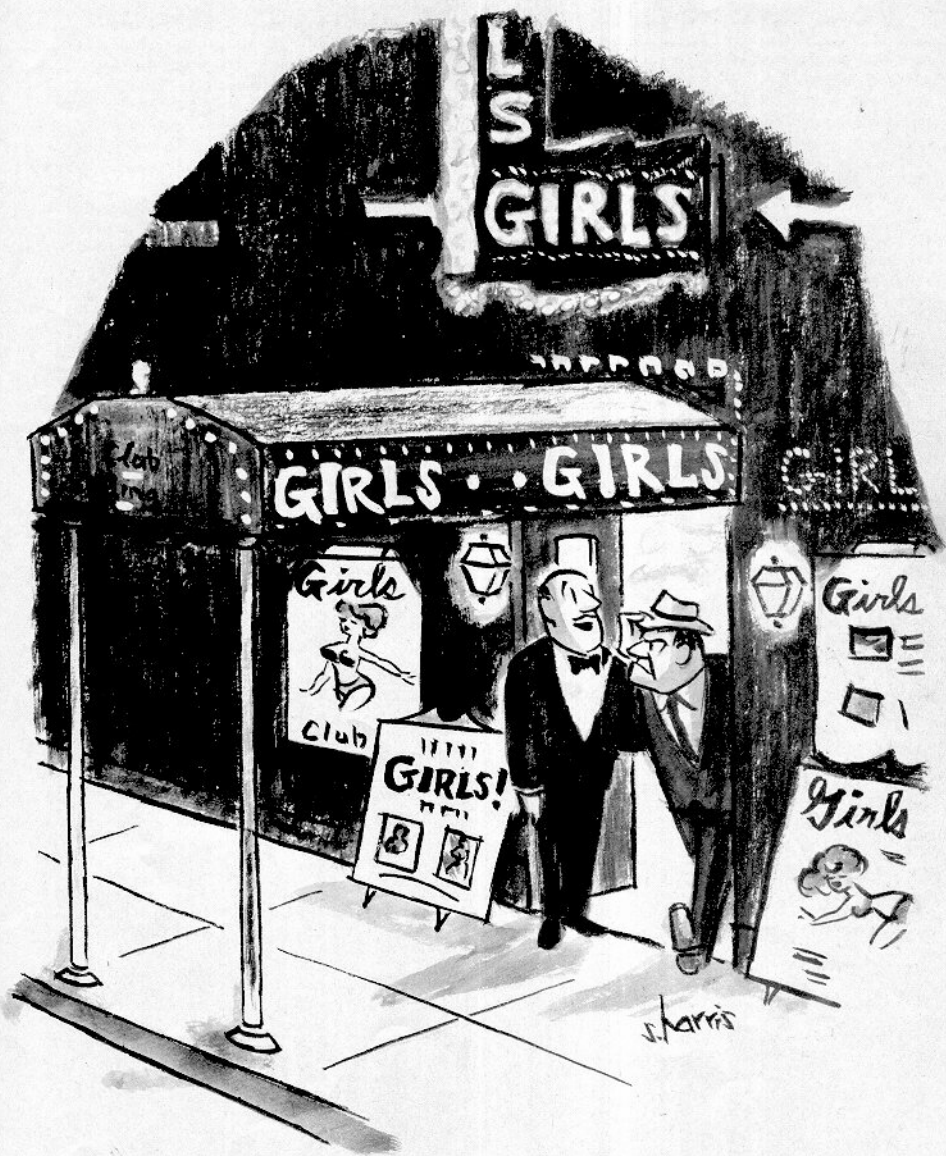
"At last the house is quiet, with the folks at the movies and Billie in bed. I'm beginning to relax from a trying day. In a little while I expect to be in a decent mood to write you. Then I'll pick up the pen and little rainbow-colored bubbles will run down into the ink."

"That isn't all, either. I've a strange attack of butterflies, which I will tell you more about when we meet. . . . Ah, here come the bubbles."

"I ought to tell you a lot of important news that I have saved, but I'll do it tomorrow, very properly, on the typewriter. Tonight, I feel very improper, and not ladylike at all. Tonight I should like to have you kiss me and see what happens to the rainbow bubbles."

Posterity may not rank these lines with those of Héloïse to Abélard, but for here and now, their authoress comes on as a commendable cookie, and Ollie as an enviable lad. See how she begins by putting her family all-inclusively out of the picture, proceeds to a subtle evocation of herself in deshabille, introduces the exciting imagery of rainbow-colored bubbles and butterflies, tables the mundane news until daytime, and winds up conveying an enticing proneness to impropriety and erotic experimentation—all in the short span of a few score words, and not a one of them portending matrimonial designs. That there is even one such as she, in the midst of the trousseau-shopping, days-to-the-wedding-counting, honeymoon-planning sisterhood of the correspondence manuals, should inspire many a freedom-loving fellow with the reasonable hope of finding her like. □





"So the girls didn't show up—the juggler was good!"

## you can't play the drums in the Bronx

THEY were just beginning to wail on the drums when the pounding on the front door began. As soon as he heard it Dave knew it was Mrs. Parkness and he disgustedly tossed his bongos aside. She waddled furiously into the room, inflamed with self-righteous anger, her stubby hands flailing about as she screeched and howled about the hoodlums who disturbed the peace and quiet by playing on crazy beatnik drums which kept her Marsha up, her little Marsha who ran like a wild Indian all day and needed a good night's sleep so she could run like a wild Indian tomorrow.

Obviously it had been a long hot day for Mrs. Parkness, one filled with its usual frustration and discomfort, and undoubtedly it would have done her good to blow off a little longer, but tonight Dave wasn't having any of it. He came right back at her, yelled that her Marsha was nothing but a spoiled little bitch and brusquely prodded the round little woman right back out the door. Then he stomped into the kitchen, sputtering curses, and poured himself a big shot from the bottle of *Añejo* Maz had brought over.

"You see?" Maz said. "I told you we shoulda gone down to the studio to cook. I knew we'd have trouble here in the pad."

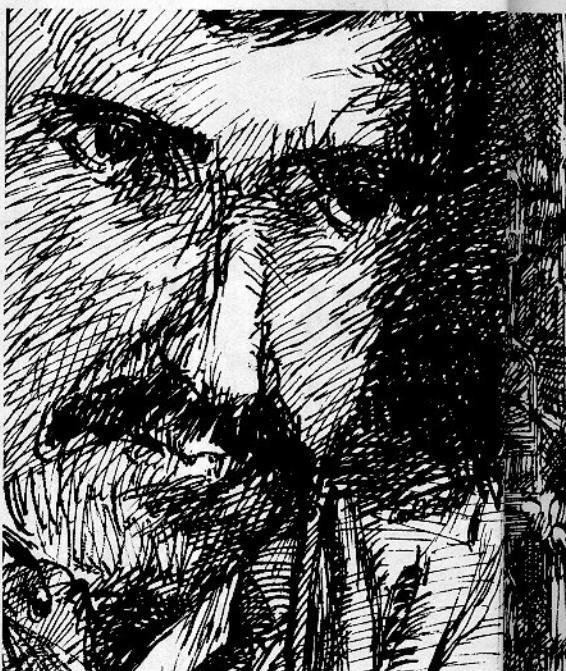
"Hell, we're gonna put down some sounds right here in the neighborhood. I'm not gonna let a goat like Mrs. Parkness push me around." Dave tossed his head back as he gulped down the shot. The kitchen was foul with cigarette smoke and spilled tequila and chewed-up limes. Salt grains littered the table.

"Man, stop runnin' your mouth. Let's make the scene in the Village."

"I ain't changing my mind for anything."

Maz scowled. "Look. I know you got a big thing against some of these people. But face it, they ain't gonna let you bug them. I say let's split and make it downtown where we can wail all night."

Dave was standing at the kitchen window looking down into the dark courtyard that separated, with a few feet of space, his building from the next. It was a vertical tunnel



raucous with television sounds: the strident canned laughter of a cornball comedy show, the theme music of Million Dollar Movie, the imbecilic lyrics of a soap commercial. No more the sound of a human voice, he thought, or the ring of honest laughter or the homely notes of a kid fumbling with the piano. Maybe that's why his father's death-agony had so provoked these people. His screams weren't canned; they were ugly and real, not to be tuned out with a snap of the dial. They lashed people out of their electronic euphoria, stung them with all the fury of a re-awakened conscience.

After a day of it, these, his neighbors of fifteen years, had shouted into the anonymity of the night: "Somebody shut him up! Stop that goddamn screaming! For crissakes get him outa here!" They preferred euphoria to life. It did no good to tell them that he could not be moved, that it would be over soon, that the least they could do would be to permit him to die with a pretense of dignity; for on the second day one of them called the cops, who arrived five minutes after he died. Dave answered their stupid questions while

his father's body turned cold in the next room.

"Come on, let's get outa here. Let's go down to the parkway."

"What?" Maz cried. "You off your kugel or something? You wanna play right in the middle of all those people?"

"You're goddamn right."

"You're stoned, man. All that tequila has wasted you. You can't prove nothin' out there."

"Who's tryin' to prove anything? I just want to raise some hell."

"With all those squares?" Maz was horrified at the thought. It always amused Dave to see his buddy playing the self-righteous hippie. He certainly looked the part: his trolley rail of a body had been pushed into paint-splotted jeans and a holey T-shirt, and the bony owlsh outline of his face was completely overgrown with black beard, but in reality his unconventionality was strictly a seasonal thing. When winter came the beard went and the chocolate-striped conga was laid to rest in a closet in the big house in Scarsdale.

*(Continued on page 76)*

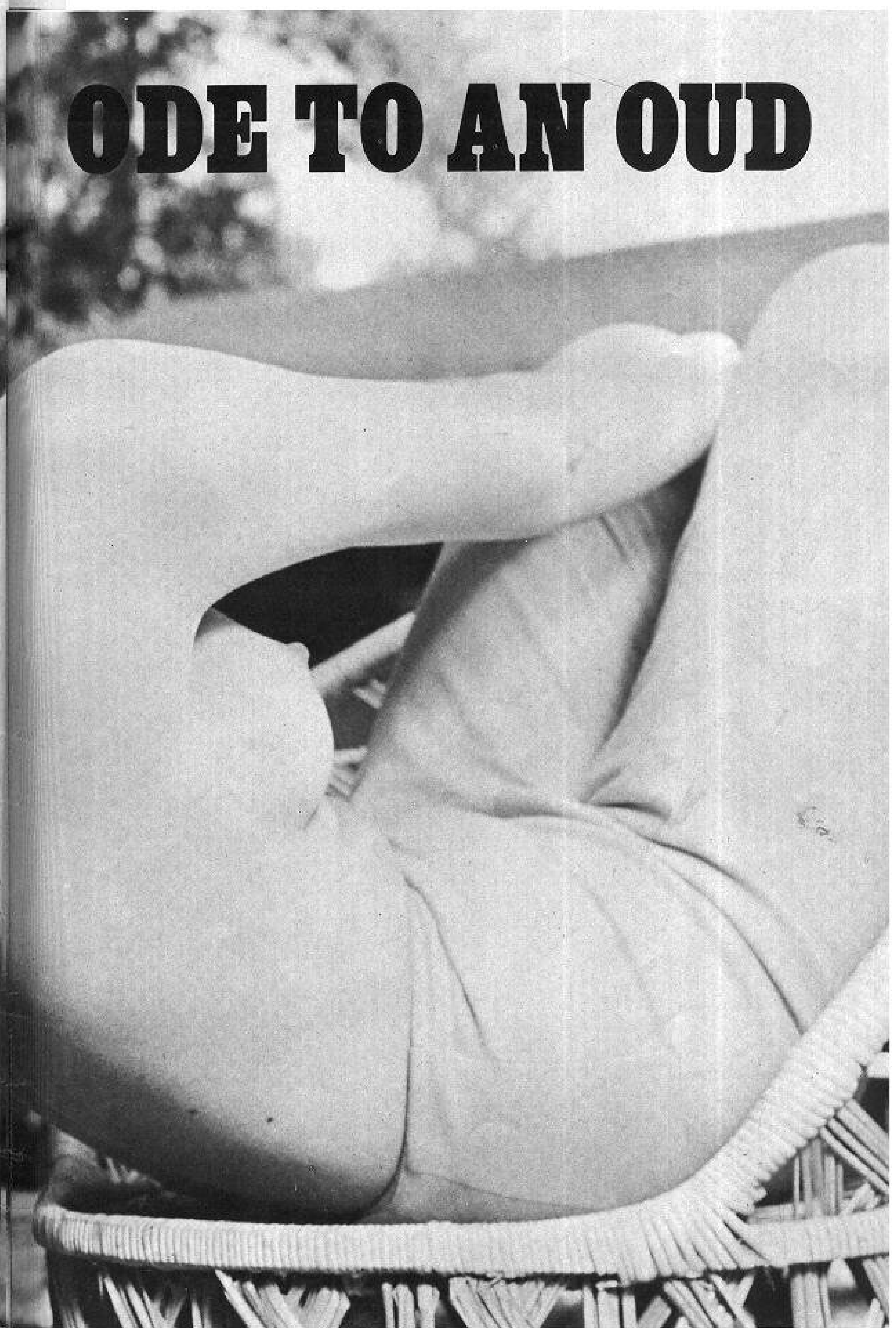
NORMAN GREEN



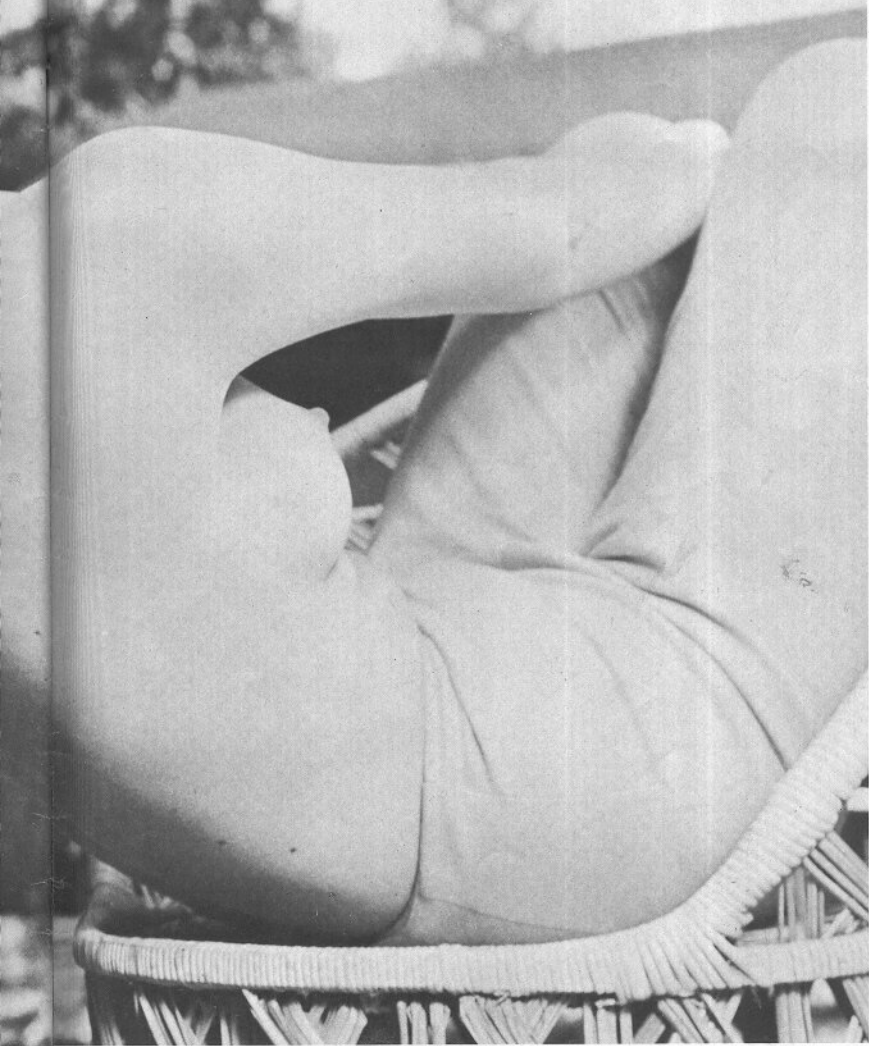




# ODE TO AN OUD



# ODE TO AN OUD







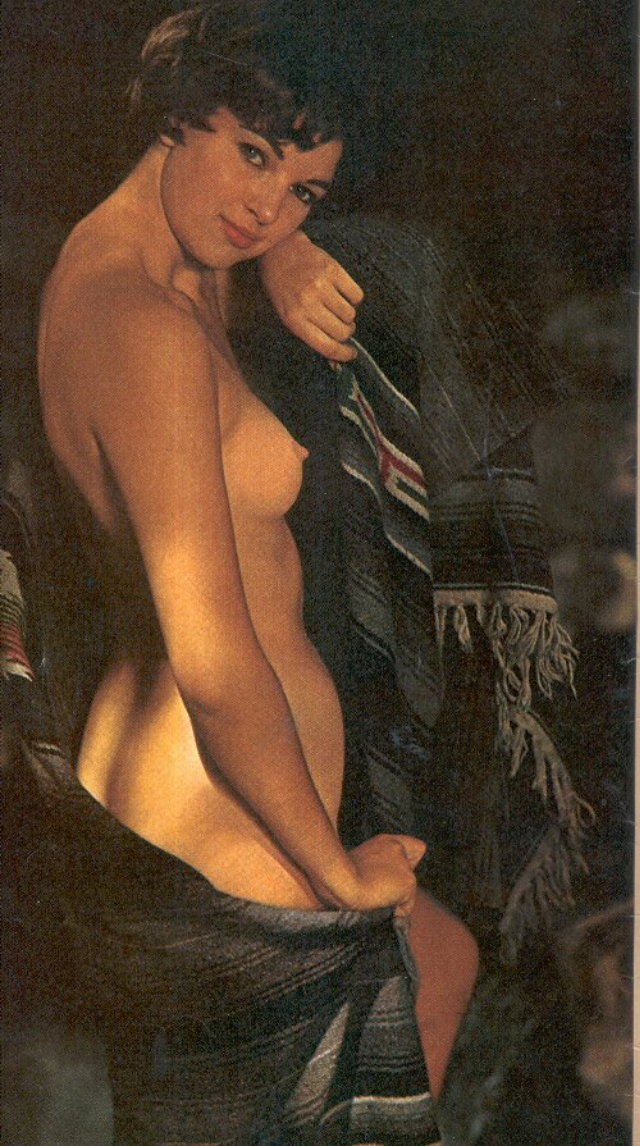




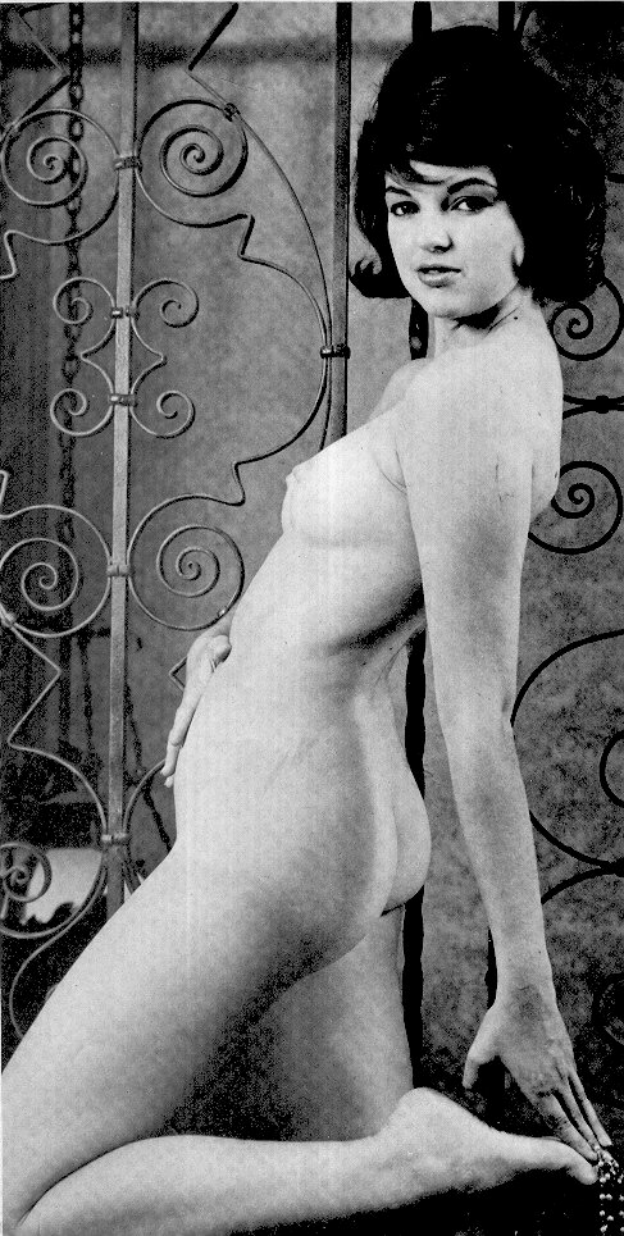














Whenever Kara Jadal hears the tones of an oud, she slips into her filmy veils and gyrates sinuously around the room. Kara is a retired belly dancer who has not forgotten her many nights of glory in Ankara. Since arriving in the U.S. Kara has hung up her native *zils* (finger cymbals) for "American men want the strip, not my artistic belly dancing."



Big Maz, coffee shop stud, became Mark Simon, every inch the intense, on-the-ball med student. It was typical of Maz that he intended to keep on having the best of these two worlds. "I'm going to set up practice in the Village," he told Dave. "Be the swingiest G.P. on the scene. Treat the moneyed Madison Ave/TV gang by day and hall the dollies in the black stockings by night."

As they rode down in the old elevator that had suffered the knife-mutilations of the legions of kids who had ever lived in the house, Dave was struck by the thought that Maz, for all of his schizoidness, could even now chart his life's direction in a more or less straight line, but not so himself. Dave's hang-up was that he always began things in a straight line but sooner or later the line always weakened, wobbled and then came fading circularly back to the beginning. For example: he could remember carving his initials, DR, into this mahogany paneling on the very first day his family moved into the house. He had done it with the pride of a successful mountain-climber, for the Reisers had literally fought and hacked and climbed to this pinnacle of an apartment in the Bronx. It was the promised land. It had taken them ten years to come this far, to escape the dreary East Side tenements, but, thank God, they had made it, five rooms in an elevator building with, *epais*, a park near-by. But now, just fifteen years later, Dave was giving up the five rooms and moving into a two-and-a-half-room cold-water flat down on Suffolk Street.

At first he had tried to excuse the move. He told himself that he was only being realistic. That he didn't need five rooms. That he spent all of his time downtown anyway. That he'd be able to afford the cold-water pad even while collecting unemployment. That everyone called the section the "new Village." But in his heart he knew he was rationalizing. The truth was he was returning to the East Side. He was making another big sad circle with his life.

They went outside into the warm August night and climbed onto Dave's Vespa and chugged down Barnes Avenue, past the old people who sat along the sidewalk staring up incredulously at the weird spectacle of Maz with his black beard and sandals and huge conga on his back; and at Dave hunched forward with the bright-red bongos dangling from his neck and the fat bottle of Añejo poking up out of his jacket pocket. Some of these people had made the exodus out of the East Side with the old man, Dave thought. Was this neighborhood still the promised land to them? Sitting there suddenly night after night, talking about whatever it was old people talked about, their children, he supposed, the same lies over and over.

Somewhere a kid screeched, "Ringelivio, ringelivio, one two three—ringelivio, ringe-

livio, all go free!" and from the darkness scrambled a gaggle of kids who shrieked and giggled as they fled from the one who was it.

Once Dave and his friends had played similar games in these streets. The Big Seven they had called themselves, with black and gold club jackets to prove it. They had stayed together over the years, progressing from such commonplace city experiences as playing together in the *Daily Mirror* basketball tournament to the very special status of a tight-knit bunch of free-swingers who had managed to break out of their middle-class traces. In those years of '46 and '47 they made some frenetic discoveries: hop and marijuana and Harlem with its hip scenes and hip women. And other less flashy discoveries: politics; books; theatre; movies in which no one spoke English. There was excitement in their lives. There was Lefty Weiner getting a job playing bass with Bud Powell and winning a *Downbeat* New Star award. And Dave announcing he was going to skip college and go to work in a shop and lead the workers to socialism. And Stan Shapiro letting his hair grow long and taking acting lessons in The Method and talking about starting an off-Broadway repertory company. And Maz spending a summer bumming through Mexico and proclaiming he was going to go back there one day and work in a clinic for the poor. Everything seemed possible in those days, in those wild beautiful mixed-up days.

And now? Now nothing seemed possible. Now the excitement was gone. Lefty Weiner was in Lexington for the third time, trying to kick the heroin habit he had acquired along with two other *Downbeat* awards. Murray Kalin was undergoing shock therapy in Harlem Valley State Hospital. Dan Glutstein had been killed in Korea. Stan Shapiro was making twenty grand a year producing TV commercials and he lived in Great Neck and never talked about The Method or off-Broadway anymore—just as Maz, who was going to be a fine doctor, never talked about that Mexican clinic for the poor either. Glen Mickler, who for three years had been going with a lovely Negro girl, finally lost courage and instead settled for a zoffit loud-mouthed blonde from Brooklyn whose father set him up in the dress business. That left Dave. Dave who had been laughed out of shop after shop by the workers. Dave and his big sad circles.

They had reached the parkway. Thousands of people were strung out along the long promenade, some sitting clustered under the street lights talking or playing pinocchio or reading the early edition of the *Daily News*. All about were the contradictory smells of trees and asphalt, of perfume and exhaust fumes. Children gathered round the Good Humor cart that had been pushed every summer for ten years up and down this walk by a tiny,

bald-pated old man named Andy. A few blocks away the White Plains Road train rumbled into the station, one more noise added to the discordant confusion of portable radios and gossiping women and brake-screaming cars.

Dave drove slowly down the parkway, passing groups of teenagers who gathered here and there, radios blaring rock 'n' roll, their high voices tight with hungry sexual need. Young boys shrilly argued baseball, voices leaping and falling. "Yeah, Maays makes Mantle look like a bum . . . yeah . . . ahhh . . ." In the shadows beyond the vague pools of light shed by the street lights girls in tight blouses and dungarees giggled and remonstrated nasally. "Now cud id owwt, Artie! Cut it owwt!" Dave remembered that in the old days he and his friends used to put this scene down. "It's so bourgeois, man. The same squares saying the same things." They'd pile into someone's car and take off. "What's it, Monday? Let's make the jam session at Count Basie's." Or: "There's some W.C. Fields shorts at the Thalia." Or: "Let's blow some pot up at Lefty's and listen to some sides." Off they'd go, anywhere as long as it was elsewhere.

Dave turned off the parkway and parked the Vespa in the middle of a square shrub-dotted field about twenty-five yards beyond the last of the park benches. "This is it, pops."

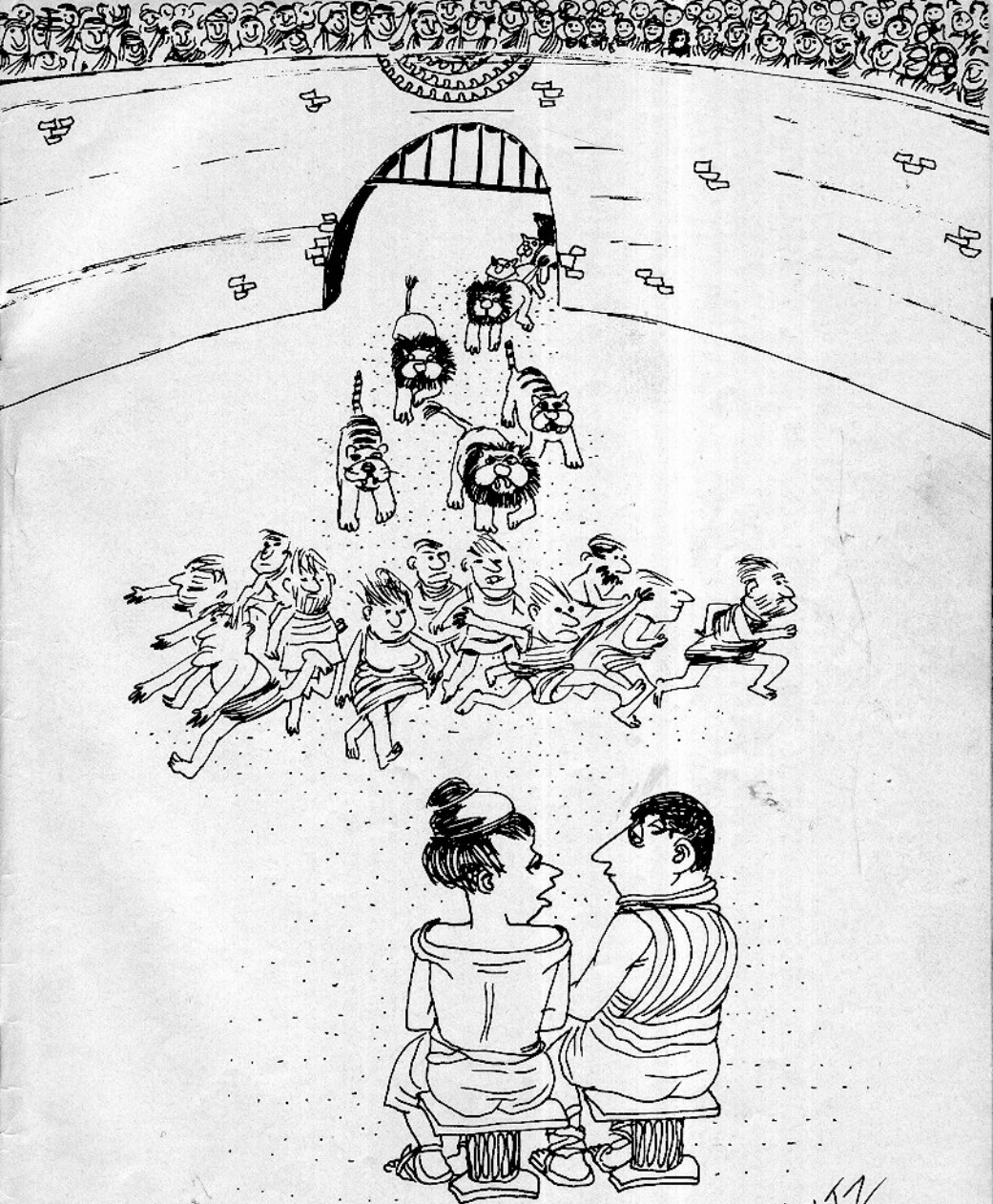
"Oh, man," Maz groaned, glancing back over his shoulder at all those people. "This is going to be a goddamn circus." He took the bottle of Añejo and drank desperately, until his eyes turned watery. "Look, man, listen to me. This ain't for us, it never was. Let's make the Village and find some breads."

"Always elsewhere. For once let's make it here," Dave had the bottle now. "Come on."

Maz sat his drum down, looked sourly at Dave, then averted his eyes and spat out of the side of his mouth. "What the hell," he said, shaking his head. Then he began playing, reluctantly at first, his big square hands thumping slowly on the conga, the beat quickening gradually, the sound low and deep and resonant as it carried far down the parkway. And then Dave went off, improvising around the rhythm, the sharp clean sound weaving itself sinuously around the heavy sound of the conga.

They got their first reaction from two dogs, two filthy street mutts that trotted right up and stood sniffing and staring with cocked heads. Then in a little while a girl came out of the darkness. She was a big girl, easily five-ten, with bushy black hair. At first sight she looked a little odd, wearing a man's white shirt and those floppy sailor pants, with all that hair. But as she came close, drawn by the drums,

(Continued on page 78)



*"I knew there was a catch to these good seats."*

WOLTZ



Dave found himself staring at her. She stood there, face intense, watching every thing Dave did, coming closer, her eyes seeking his out.

Perhaps a hundred people gathered round them within the next five minutes. Most of them came just to gawk with hanging mouths and disbelieving eyes. Others took it all as a big joke. "Look at the beatniks," they shouted, cracking bad jokes and doing mock burlesque bump-and-grinds. Dave paid them no mind; his eyes were fixed on the girl, who stood right beside him, breathing quickly as if excited by the music, a heat coming from her body. Dave drove harder on the bongos, the speed of his hands becoming more and more furious, feeling the excitement push up through him.

"O yes," she said softly when they broke off.

Dave heard Maz mutter behind him, "Hey, that chick sure is built."

"Come on," Dave said, going right off again.

It was maybe five minutes later that the trouble started. Someone grabbed Dave from behind and almost pulled him off his feet. Dave was absolutely stunned. He was vaguely aware of a man bawling something in his ear about a kid doing homework in the house across the street and how he had to have it quiet. Maz, more than a little drunk, was bellowing and shaking his fist at someone. The crowd had closed in tight and there was the terrible smell of sweat and anger and everyone was jawing and pushing and jostling. Dave tried to get free but the mob wouldn't let go of him. He swung a fist out wildly. A girl screamed. The crowd erupted. Someone—Maz, it turned out—grabbed Dave, thrust his conga out like a battering ram and bullied a way through the packed mob.

Dave gunned the Vespa furiously and they went spinning and skidding until they reached the safety of the north side of the parkway. "I told you, man," Maz was fuming. "I told you that was gonna happen. Goddamn it, what a dumb scene. What a goddamn dumb scene to get hung up in."

Dave leaned exhaustedly against the trunk of a big tree. He was all shaky and trembling and his shirt was in shreds. "Come on," Maz insisted, "let's get outa here."

"Wait! Hey, wait!" They looked up to see the girl in the floppy white pants come rushing up. She had something clutched in her hand. "I want to come with you," she said as Maz snatched the bottle from her and washed down great mouthfuls of tequila.

"Look, we may head for the Village, it could go on all night."

"I don't care," Dave looked at her closely now. She was handsome in a curi-

ous way. She couldn't have been more than twenty-five and she had a big, lovely body, but her black Italian eyes had deep creases at the corners and her mouth had known pain and—what? Bitterness? Betrayal? She had the kind of face belonging to a girl who had maybe married too young and failed at it. Or who had given birth out of wedlock but refused to feel ashamed about it. Anyway, she was someone who had been through a lot. Yet she wasn't hard; her mouth was too sensitive for that, her eyes were too beautiful. She was half-girl, half-woman and everything about her seemed to be crying out I Want, I Want, I Want.

"So you wanna go with us." It was Maz, mocking her with an ugly manner. "What's in it for you, baby? You wanna have something" wild to tell the girls about tomorrow?

"No, no," she cried, "I just like the way you play. I'm crazy for bongos. You just gotta take me with you, I don't know anything about the Village but I'll go with you, I don't care—"

"All right," Dave said. He kicked the Vespa over. "What's your name?"

"Mary."

"Mary, you'll split the back seat with Maz—"

"Whadda ya mean? You can't ride two back there—"

"Shut up. She's comin' with us. We're going down to Trojan."

"Trojan?" Maz was astounded. He stood staring for a moment. Then he shot a quick look at the girl, and he let out some air through his nose. "Trojan," he said carefully. "All right, man, I dig."

As they rode down to Trojan Field, where the kids played ball during the day, Dave could hear Maz whispering something to the girl, but she didn't answer him, only wrapped her arms more tightly around Dave, her body hot against his back. It was silent and dark as they crossed the ballfield. The grass was damp under their feet and the earth smelled sweet and strange after the tar-smell of the heat-soaked streets. They walked to a distant section of the park where there was a small hill. Maz stumbled clumsily on the way up. "This is crazy," he breathed, "but we'll swing, huh. Yes, we'll swing. Hee hee." Up top they could look out over the trees to the near-by houses that faced the park. Way off in the other direction was the Fordham business district with its blaze of neon lights hanging in the sky like luminous dust. Dave sat down on a flat rock, the girl near him, lit a cigarette, then held the flame of the lighter under the bongo skins until the heat made them tight and hard. In the quiet light the girl leaned forward and smiled gently at him. He began to play softly, lovingly, his eyes on the girl, feeling that she would understand anything

he told her; anything, anything at all.

She sat listening and watching. Then all of a sudden she rose to her feet and began to dance. "Yeah," said Maz, "now we go." Her big strong body moved in perfect harmony with the drums, hips swinging cleanly, easily, as she began to feel more and more comfortable. Dave felt a very new kind of excitement, as if some dead parts of him were coming to life. He had not felt anything like this for a long time. Maz came in with the sensual throb of the conga and in the cool moonlight a little while later the girl, still dancing, unbuttoned her shirt, shed it and then unhooked her brassiere. It was done unself-consciously, with a simple purity and beauty. Her breasts were delicate and soft-white. "Yeah, yeah," Maz said and he slammed away, Dave following, both of them soaring and wailing, the great wild raw sound of their drums booming way out over the trees and fields.

When it was over the girl stood panting heavily but happily, sweat gleaming like balm on her bare skin. She came toward Dave but Maz, gulping for breath, intercepted her. "That was something, baby," he said grinning through a tight mouth. "Now let's ball for real. For real, baby." And his arms reached out to take her.

"No." The girl's cry spoke of betrayal. "No!" Frantically she twisted away from him.

Dave, paralyzed momentarily, watched as Maz, giggling like a loon, made a clumsy lunge. "No, no, no." The girl snatched up her things and fled down the hill sobbing. "No no no."  
"Wait!"

Dave grappled to get free of Maz, screaming into his ear, "Stupid bastard, stupid square bastard." He loosed a cry into the darkness. "Mary! Wait! Mary!"

"What the hell's going on here?" From the other side of the hill came a harsh beam of light. Maz, on his knees, his mouth bleeding, began to shudder and laugh hysterically. "Fuzz," he blubbered wildly, "fuzz."

There were two cops, standing poised, ready for trouble. "Who you shouting at, Mac?"

"No one," Dave said slowly. "Me and my buddy were just carryin on a little, you know, raisin some hell."

The beam of light searched the hilltop, came to rest on the two drums. "Those damn drums of yours have been waking up the whole neighborhood."

"Neighborhood, hell," the other said, "we heard you all the way up Allerton Avenue." He gestured with the flashlight. "Let's break it up now. Take your heard and get outa here, the party's over."

An hour later Dave, alone, was still riding round and round the neighborhood searching for a girl named Mary who wore floppy white pants. Round and round he drove, in circles. □





## MORE ELLA MORGAN

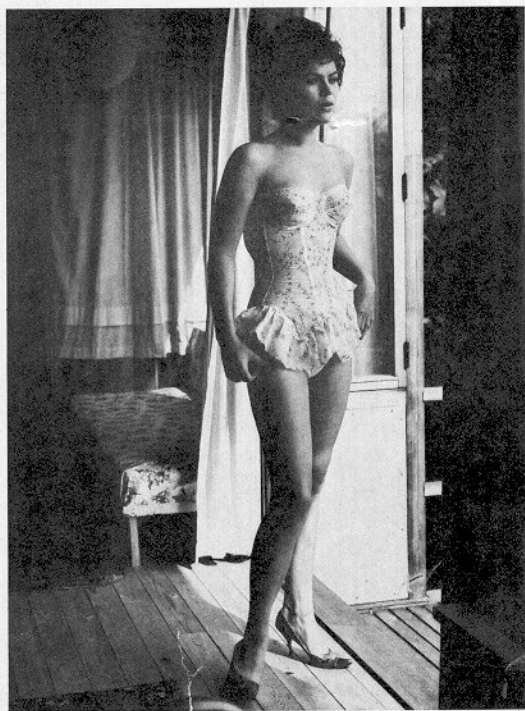
*Here's Ella Morgan again—a return engagement after her successful appearance on pages 25 to 27. On her tour of the Continent, which took in six countries, Ella liked Italy best, especially Rome, especially the Via Veneto, especially the handsome and rich young film stars to be found there. She was a little disappointed, however, since the scene along that famous Roman way did not quite measure up to La Dolce Vita, which had first inspired her visit.*







*As for men, Ella says the tall, dark, handsome types usually turn out to be too smitten with themselves to be much fun on a date, so she prefers males big in the personality department.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL HAMILTON







*"Just because we're getting off-season rates in the hotel, Sam, let's not assume . . ."*



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